

This beautifully-drawn comix collection says, "Welcome friend; rest your feet. Things are going to be okay." *Awesome Future* is positivity incarnate—but it's not a mindless feel-good trip. This is a positivity that knows things are kind of effed, that we're up against a wall most days, and that fighting the good fight is a noble, important thing—even if you don't always come out on top. (And it's a zine that says, in the end the realistic get what they want but it doesn't hurt to be a dreamer.) Comics include a beautifully-drawn look at a day in the life of Maxx the dog, a run-in with a bear, and, in the spirit of his last Microcosm zine, *Shut Up and Love the Pain*, a piece on keeping an open dialog about sexual desire. The mantra we get in these pages is "Punks Win," that singing loud in the midst of fear and making the best of darkness will have you reaping the rewards. Whether he's going in for a vasectomy, singing the praises of the sinus-clearing neti pot, or preaching healthy poopin' practices, Robnoxious does it all with a goodhearted sense of humor, an inclusive tone, and a constructive eye towards survival and a better world. So, come in from the cold and meet the latest Robnoxious zine. You are welcome here; this place is yours.

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Awesome Future



STORIES OF VICTORIOUS ACTION

BY ROBNOXIOUS

DEDICATED TO:

CHARLIE CHAVEZ &

GORDON PAGNELLO

COVER CONCEPT

BY DYLAN & THE

BUTTERSNATCH CREW

BE OUR "BEST FRIEND FOREVER"

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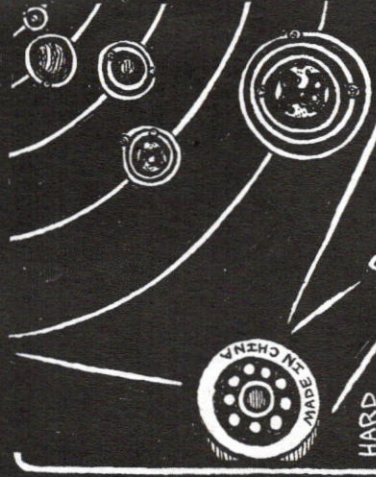
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WE LEAVE OUR MACHINES IN THE GRASS & KISS AGAINST THE DEEPLY ROUGH BARK OF THE COTONWOOD TREE. LIKE COASTING DOWNHILL, COTTON SHEETS ON SOFT SKIN ON THE WARMEST SUMMER NIGHT.



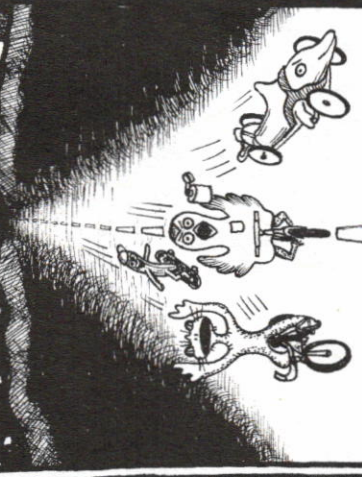
HARD STEEL BALLS SWIMMING IN LUBRICATION, ROLLING WITHOUT SOUND ON SMOOTH STEEL RINGS, THE PATTERN REPEATS: INWARD, OUTWARD.



THE MOON SHINES ON THE STEEL SHELL OF AN AUTOMOBILE AS MUSICIANS INVITE A RHYTHM FROM DOORS & HOOD, HAMMERING A BEAT YOU COULD DANCE TO, ECHOES OF THE LONG GONE INDUSTRIAL AGE.



THE EARTH MAY TURN UPSIDE DOWN BEFORE WE DIE, BUT NOT TONIGHT MY FRIENDS!

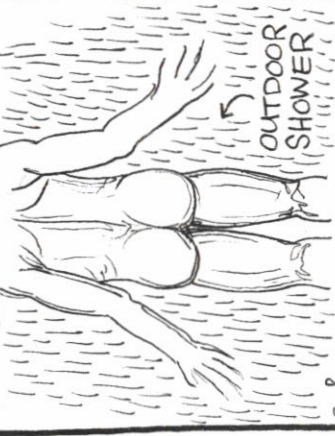


APPROXIMATELY 2 AM.

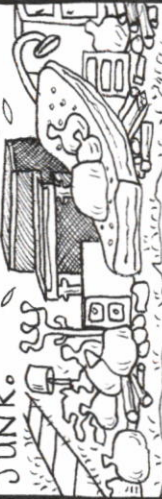


JULY 3, 2010.

THE CROOKED HAT. OUTDOOR SHOWER. IT'S MY DAMN BIRTHDAY.



MRS. WHITE'S PIANO IS SEEN IN FRONT OF HER HOUSE IN A PILE OF JUNK. MRS. WHITE MOVED INTO A NURSING HOME.

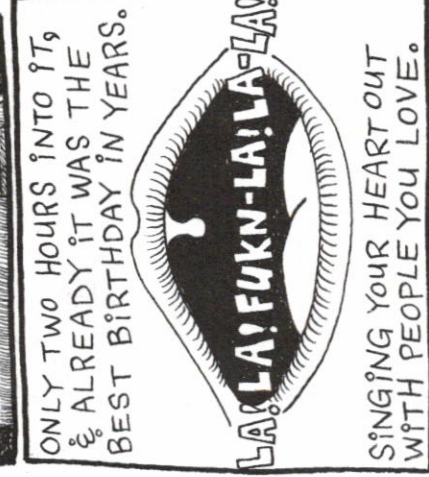
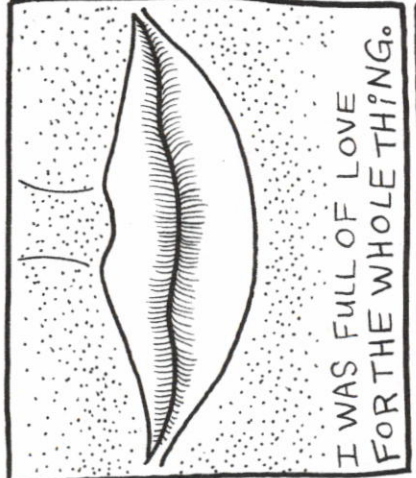
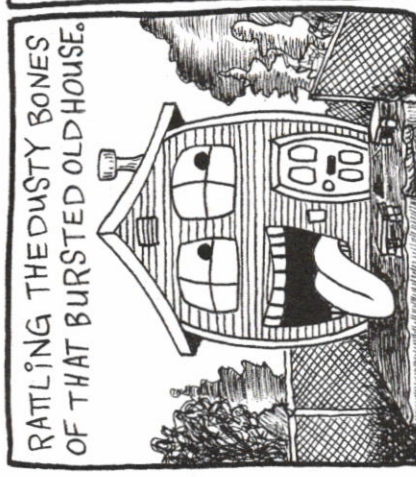
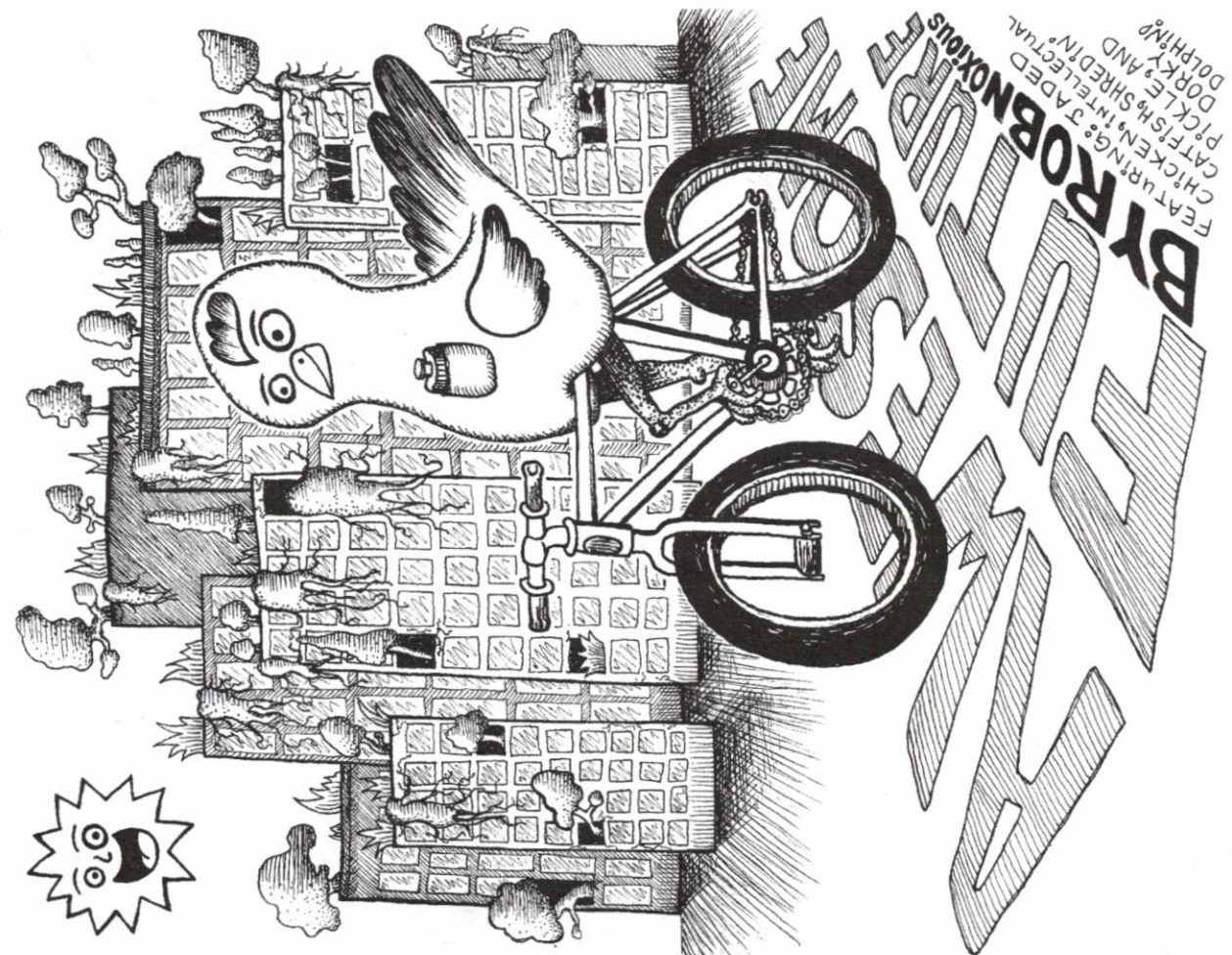


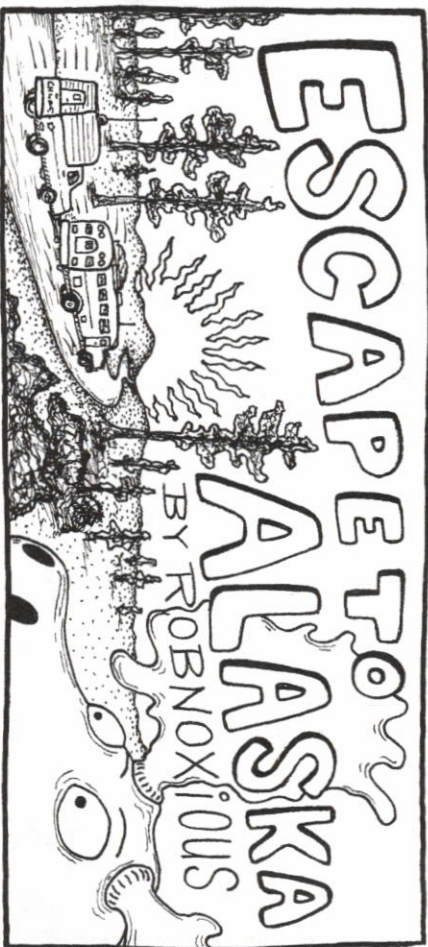
MRS. WHITE'S PIANO SAT OUTSIDE AWAITING ITS FATE, WITH NO ACCOMPANIMENT BUT THE CRICKETS & JUNE BUGS.



THEN THE PUNKS ARRIVE, FRESH FROM THE PUNK SHOW AT THE STUDDED BIRD.



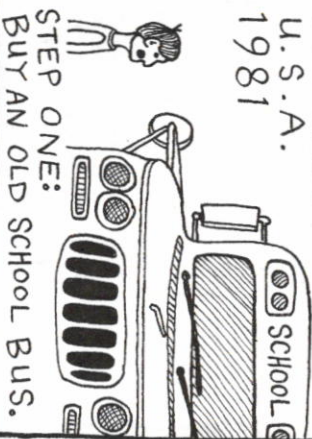




"HEY KIDS, YOUR MOM
& I HAVE A SERIOUS
QUESTION WE WANT TO
ASK YOU, DO YOU
WANT TO MOVE TO
ALASKA?!"



LOVELAND
COLORADO
U.S.A.
1981

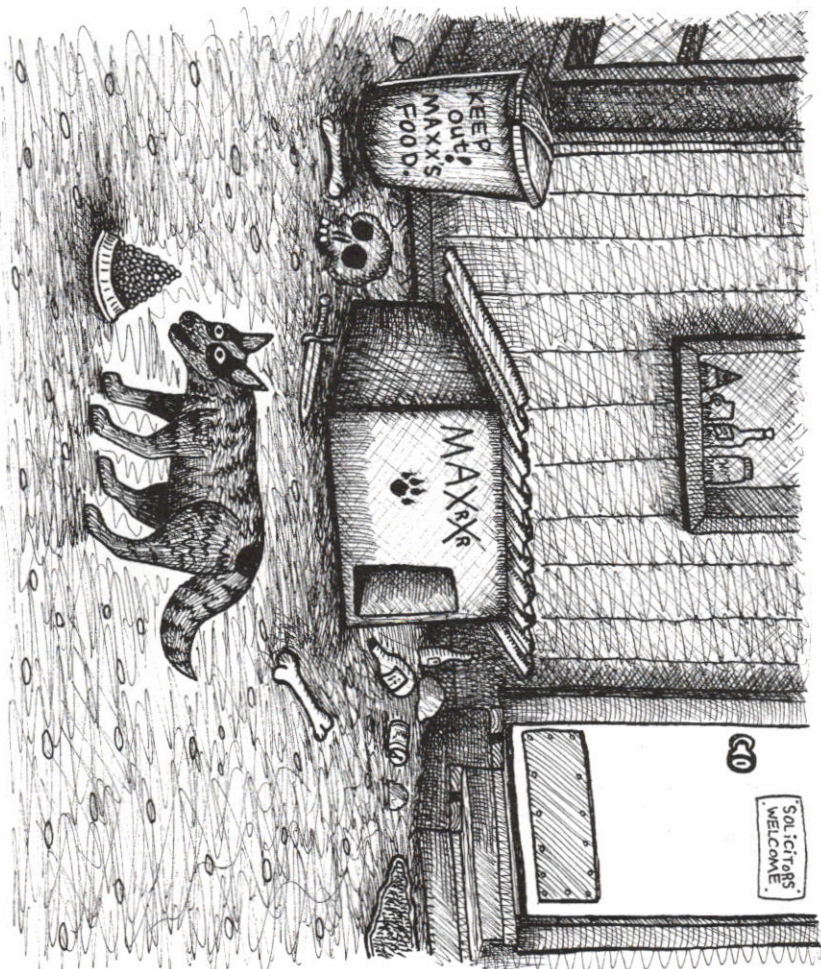


STEP ONE:
BUY AN OLD SCHOOL BUS.

PARK IT IN THE DRIVEWAY
AT 1034 REDWOOD DR.
AND CONVERT TO A CAMPER.



I WAS TEN YEARS OLD. I
REMEMBER REMOVING ALL
THE SEATS WITH A PNEUMATIC.



"Better let that one go, Maxx." Robert said, "Sounds like a LOT of them!"

Greg laughed and scratched Maxx on the head, "Good boy."

Maxx was a good dog.

When the sun went down Maxx was tired from his big day. Robert filled a bowl with kibble and set it down in front of his dog house with a fresh bowl of water.

"There ya go boy! You really earned it today."

Maxx munched his kibble and thot about the rabbit that got away.

MY OLDER SISTER WAS FASCINATED WITH CARS, SHE HELPED MY DAD DRIVE THE STICK SHIFT BUS BY MOVING THE LEVER WHEN SHE TOLD HER THE GEAR NUMBER. SHE ALWAYS HAD A HUGE SMILE.

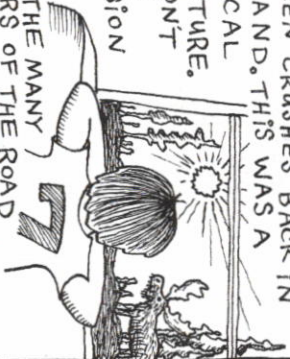


*MY DAD IS TRANSGENDERED

MY FOLKS HAD THEIR OWN CONSCIOUS, AND SUB-CONSCIOUS, REASONS FOR BEING HAPPY. THE FAMILY BUSINESS, CALLED LOVELAND ELECTRONICS, HAD GONE BANKRUPT. MY FOLKS WERE TOO HONEST AND TOO NICE. PEOPLE TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THEM. I THINK THIS WAS HARDEST ON MY DAD. THE BUSINESS WAS HER BIG PROJECT, IT MUST HAVE BEEN SAD TO SEE IT GO DOWN.

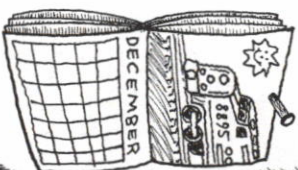
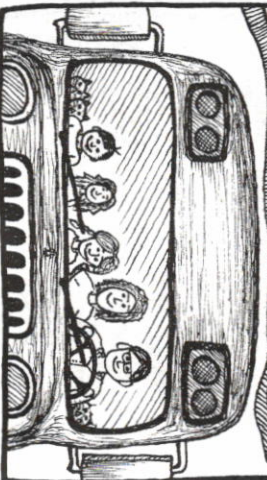
LONG AFTER WE HAD SETTLED IN ANCHORAGE MY FOLKS BEGAN TO WONDER WHAT THIS STRANGE FEELING WAS. A FEELING THEY HAD NEVER QUITE FELT BEFORE. WHAT EXACTLY HAD CHANGED BY MOVING ACROSS THE CONTINENT, AWAY FROM ALL THE OLD OPPRESSIVE PEOPLE & IDEOLOGIES & INSTITUTIONS?

I WAS HAPPY TO HAVE ESCAPED THE BULLIES AND MY FAILED PRE-TEEN CRASHES BACK IN LOVELAND. THIS WAS A MAGICAL ADVENTURE. WE DIDN'T WATCH TELEVISION FOR A LONG TIME! THE MANY WONDERS OF THE ROAD HELD OUR ATTENTION TIGHTLY.



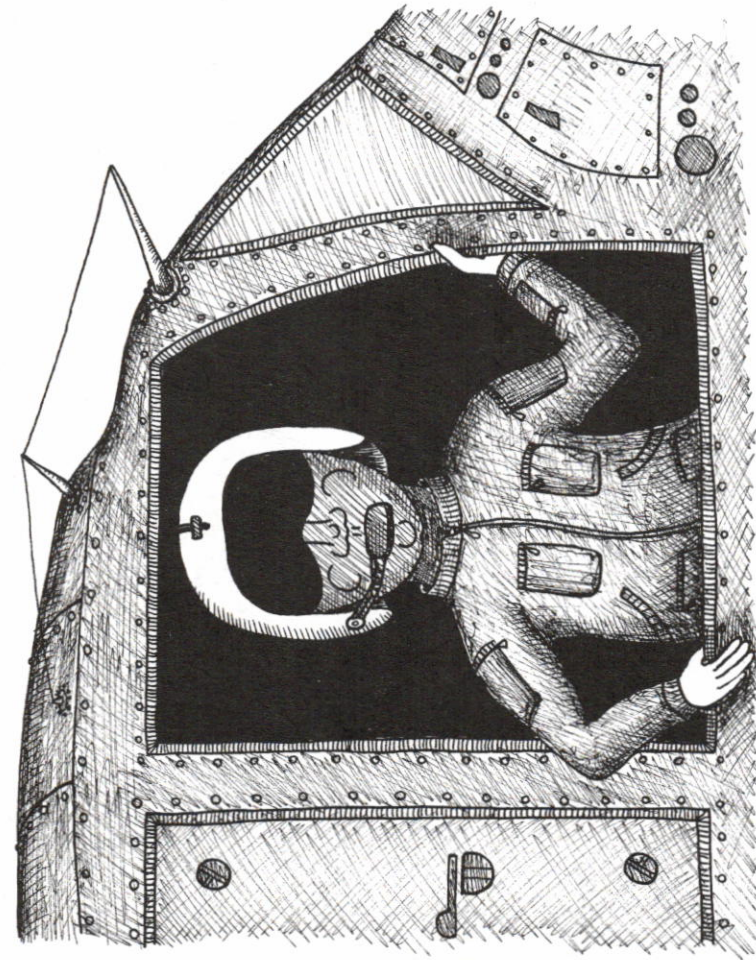
MY MOM ALSO HAD SOMETHING OPPRESSIVE SHE WANTED TO ESCAPE: THE STRANGE HOLD OF CHRISTIAN SCIENCE RELIGION THAT MY GRANDMOTHER EXERTED ON OUR FAMILY. MY DEAR DECEASED GRANDMA WAS VERY CONTROLING. (! LOVE YOU GRANDMA!) ALL INSPIRED BY THE HIERARCHY OF THE CRAZY CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS.

IT WAS A THING CALLED **FREEDOM!**



A short time later Maxx had forgotten all about the big noisy bird thing. He went into the shack with Robert and jumped on the couch to take another nap.

"Now what?" Maxx lifted his head and barked! There was yipping and yowling from across the railroad tracks: a pack of coyotes! Maxx sounded the alarm and Greg and Robert opened the door and followed him out of the shack. Greg and Robert had terrible hearing. It was a good thing Maxx was there to listen!



Robert and Greg looked up at the man in the helmet, and the man in the helmet looked down at them. Maxx put his tail between his legs and snuck into his dog house.

Eventually the helicopter got bored and flew away. Robert and Greg looked at each other with astonishment, and then started laughing.

"What the fuck was that?" Robert said.

Greg said, "That was creepy."

"Goddamn government!" Robert shook his head.

Maxx came out of his dog house and carefully looked around. That was the loudest bird he had ever seen! Maxx thought that for sure it could have eaten a dog, and maybe even a cow.

WALK INTO THE DARK SINGING

(Dedicated to my faithful guardian angels, keep up the good work!)

I had a comfortable seat on the bus from Weed to Happy Camp, heading to my friend's house in the Klamath River Valley. My head was in a book half the ride, the other half looking out the windows at the changing countryside.

When the bus stopped in front of the Double J mini mart I thought there was

plenty of time to walk down the dirt road to the land my friends lived at. I got a chocolate & vanilla swirl soft-serve cone from the Double J and started walking.

Half an hour later I was sweating from the hike and ditched my heavy pack

in the woods, hoping that one of those neo-pro prospector people I had seen around the area wouldn't find my pack and cry, "Gold!"

As I continued walking I went over the math in my head again. How many

miles do I have to go? How fast does the average human walk? How much time do I have until it gets dark? How deep in the woods am I? Is this a fuck-up?

I smile to myself and walk on. Too much of my life has been spent on worry. It's beautiful country. After being in the bus all day I could happily hike for hours.

A car comes up behind me, it's been hours since I've seen a car. I'm walking along with my shirt off, something I never do, but I'm sweating and I'm in the country. It's alright? The car pulls up and stops next to me. I'm surprised they

stop to talk to a shirtless weirdo. This isn't the big city. A man is driving and a woman is in the passenger seat, they offer me a ride, seeming concerned for

my well being. I turned them down, told them I was happy walking.
"Are you sure?" the man driving says.

They were very kind.

I guessed they were from

the local Karuk tribe, which has a big presence in the area in spite of the
confining genocidal honky-menace. I found this encounter strange, being

this shirtless tattooed white man walking down a road in the forest, offered a
ride by native people driving a car, telling them I would prefer walking.

I had arrived in the upside down world.

The sun began to set and I realized those people in the car might know

best. In the city when it gets dark the street lights come on. Soon all I could

see was the subtle glow of the dirt road and the lighter sky above it. The
woods became dark and deep. I had left my headlamp back in my pack

stashed in the bushes. Aw fuck. Genius. What a rookie maneuver. Did I leave

my HEAD back in the pack too? Oh wait- my head is on my neck, I got it.

I wondered if I would be able to identify the driveway to my friend's house

in total darkness. Turning back to get my light from the pack would be

madness, how long had I been walking? I became frightened, hearing noise
in the woods, and then I became frightened NOT hearing noise in the woods.

In the city you could usually see danger coming. Now I couldn't see anything.
I thought of the wild animal encounter survival scenarios I had read or been told.

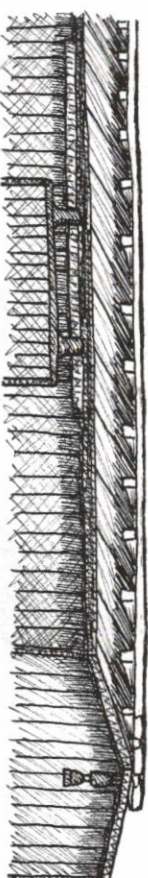
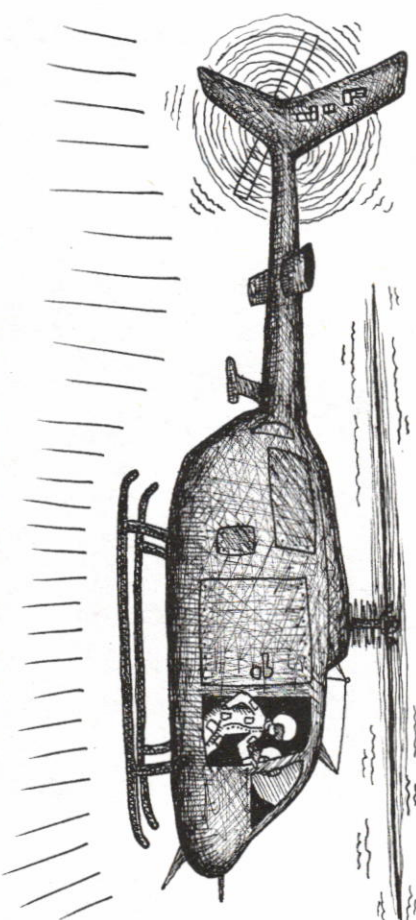
It seemed there was only one thing to do: sing. The Pogues really loud and

keep going. Yes, Irish drinking love songs, that was it.

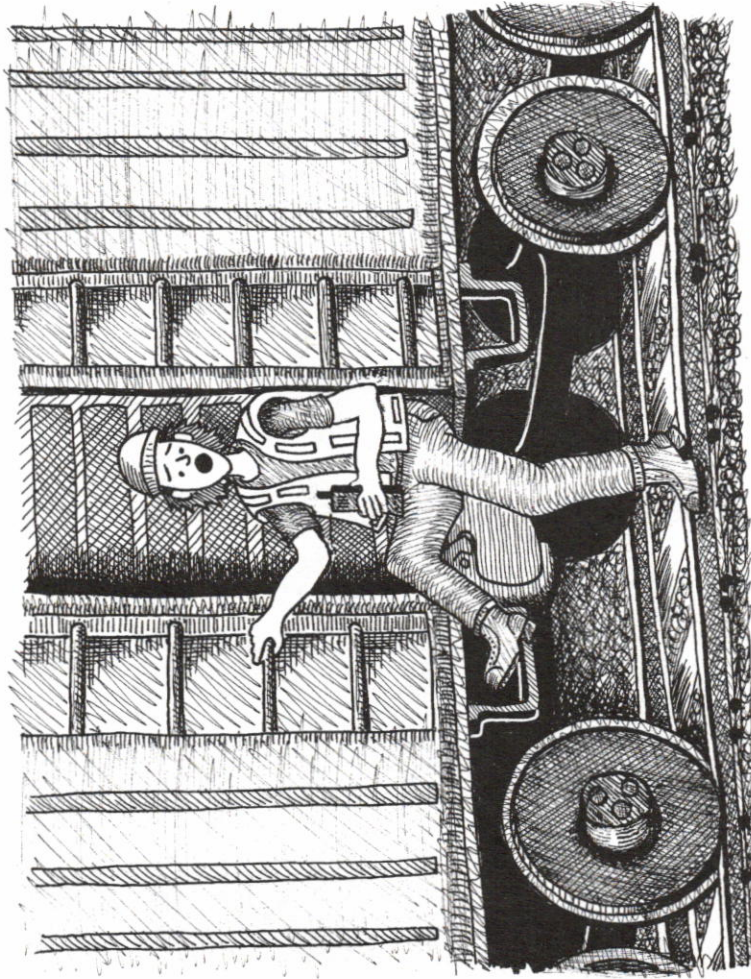
"To be easy and free, when you're drinking with me, I'm a man you don't
meet everyday. So come fill up your glasses, with brandy and wine, whatever

it costs I will pay." That was the only lyrics of the song I could remember, so I
repeated it over and over, like a magic spell.

wup!! wup!! wup!!



Later on in the day, Greg showed up and made lunch with Robert.
Maxx got up to see if they were cooking anything good like bacon.
After lunch everyone was sitting in front of the shack and Maxx heard
a rumbling noise in the sky. Everybody looked up and watched for it.
Soon a black helicopter came into view, circling the compound. Maxx
barked a little, but wondered if this thing was a predator that could
swoop down and eat him. It certainly was huge. Then the unmarked
black helicopter flew directly over the clearing, they could see a
person sitting in the open doorway. Not only was the doorway open
but it seemed there was no door to close, a man wearing a dark green
jumpsuit and a white helmet with a black visor sat there looking
down at them. The black helicopter hovered directly over the old
wooden boxcar.



Robert emerged from the barn, "Maxx! Leave that man alone!" Maxx stopped barking. It was obvious that Robert knew there was an intruder in the territory so Maxx didn't need to bark anymore. Maxx stood in the driveway near the front gate to carefully watch the brightly colored man. Maxx had never seen anyone that was fluorescent green hanging out in the compound, so he kept a close watch on him.

The brakeman disconnected a string of cars and the train moved back and forth, switching and picking up cars. After awhile it roared off headed north again and the yard was quiet. Maxx went and took another nap on the gross old couch under the big pine trees.

After awhile I began to feel drunk just from singing it.

For awhile I was greatly cheered. Then the singing began to feel manic, as I realized that perhaps I was fooling myself that my song was a magical shield.

I wondered: in nature, does food ever sing? Many animals sing to attract a mate, would a predator think it was going to get two-for-one?

Then I saw it. Ahead and on my left, just behind some bushes off the side of the road that went down to the river: the large and furry haunches of a bear's ass shambling in the same direction I was going.

My god, was it a hallucination?

Had my mind shown me what I was most afraid of seeing, just to fuck with me?

I continued walking and singing. As I

passed the spot on the side of the road where I believed I had seen the bear's

ass I turned my confidently singing head to the left and saw nothing but

darkness, and then two glowing eye-sized orbs appeared, staring directly at me from 30 feet away. I turned my head back facing forward and continued

walking and singing. I didn't change a thing, except now I puffed out my

chest and sucked my fear back inside: I ate my fear for dinner. I focused on

radiating an aura of total bad ass-ness. I've spent my time in cities, I know

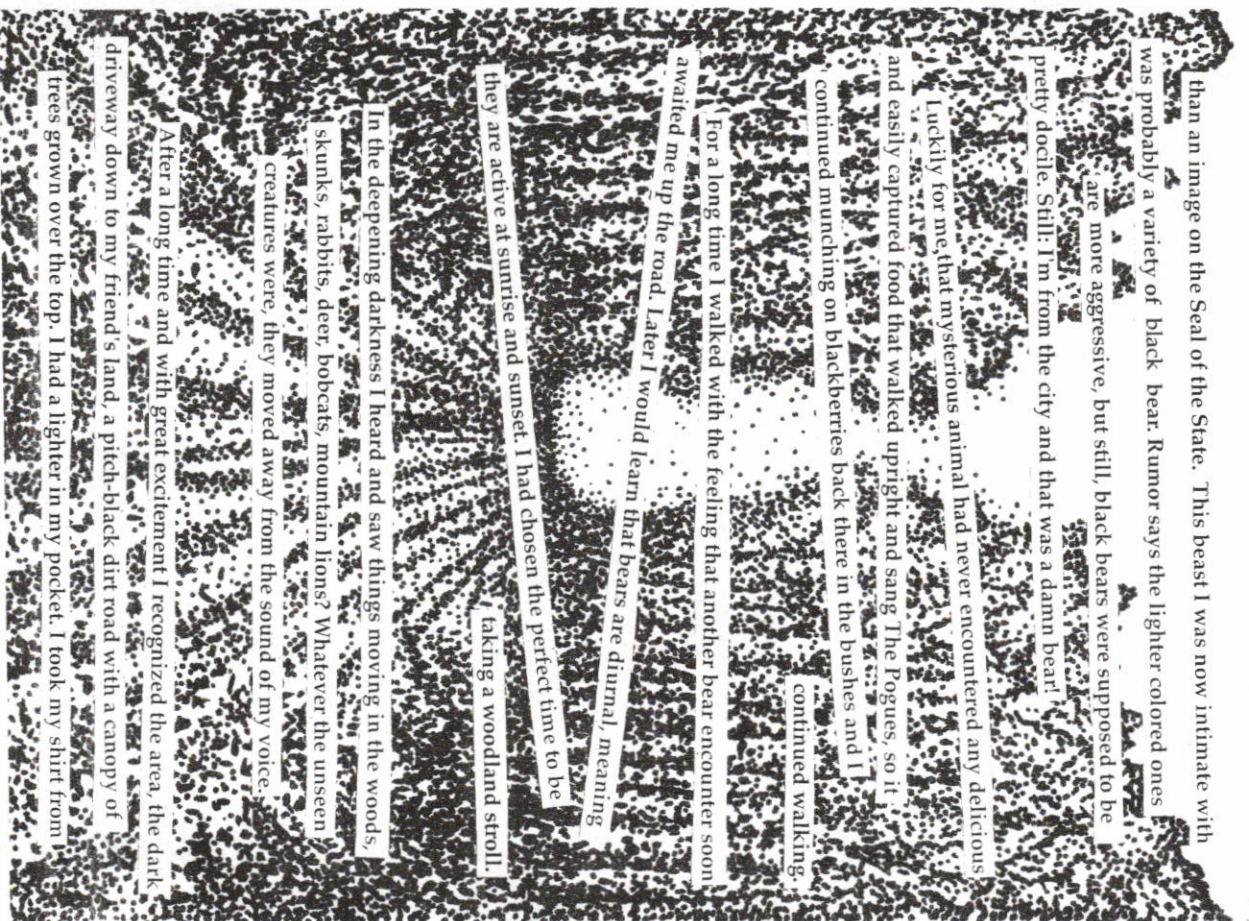
how to stay safe there: do not allow a predator to think you are food. Did that

sizable beast over there with the glowing eyes realize that I was a total bad

ass absolutely not to be fucked with?

I realize that the more aggressive bears of California, like the one on the

state flag, had been hunted to extinction long ago, reduced to nothing more



than an image on the Seal of the State. This beast I was now intimate with was probably a variety of black bear. Rumor says the lighter colored ones are more aggressive, but still, black bears were supposed to be pretty docile. Still: I'm from the city and that was a damn bear!

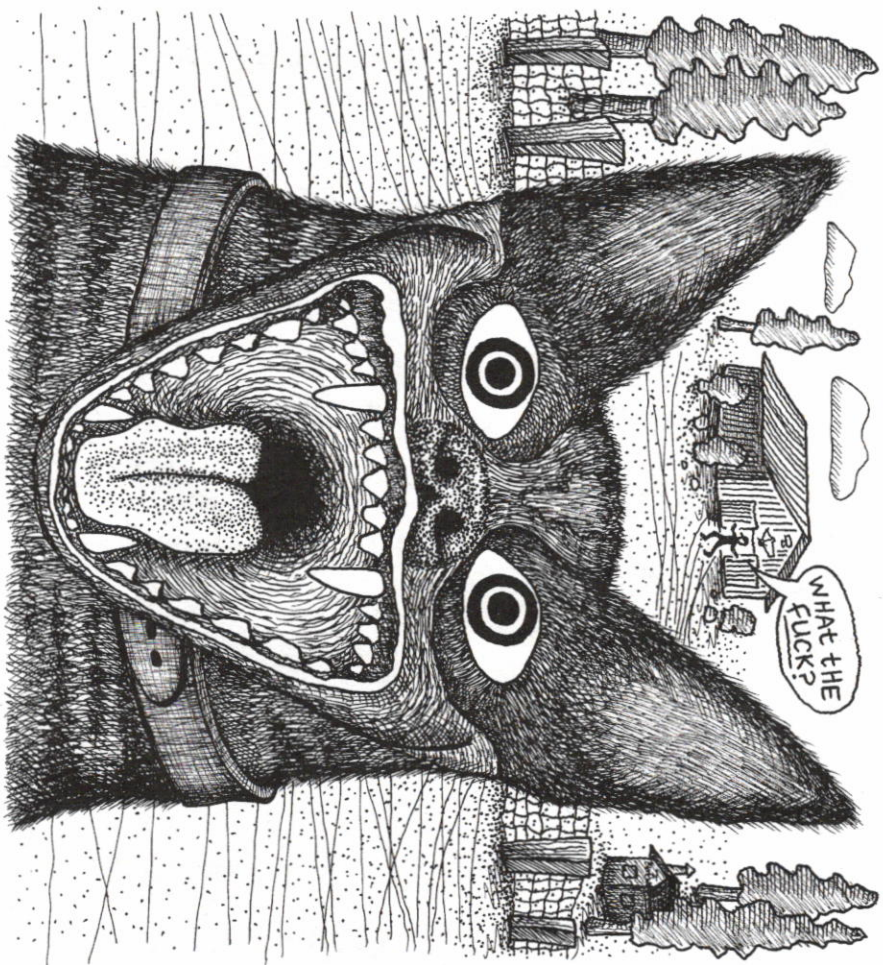
Luckily for me, that mysterious animal had never encountered any delicious and easily captured food that walked upright and sang The Pogues, so it continued munching on blackberries back there in the bushes and I continued walking.

For a long time I walked with the feeling that another bear encounter soon awaited me up the road. Later I would learn that bears are diurnal, meaning

they are active at sunrise and sunset. I had chosen the perfect time to be taking a woodland stroll.

In the deepening darkness I heard and saw things moving in the woods, skunks, rabbits, deer, bobcats, mountain lions? Whatever the unseen creatures were, they moved away from the sound of my voice.

After a long time and with great excitement I recognized the area, the dark driveway down to my friend's land, a pitch-black dirt road with a canopy of trees grown over the top. I had a lighter in my pocket. I took my shirt from



The train pulled thru and slowed down, empty boxcars, tankers, empty lumber racks, short gondolas & tall wood chip cars. The freight train stopped. Maxx heard the sound of feet walking on the stone ballast the tracks lay on. Maxx started barking. The man in the bright green vest was here again! Maxx let everyone know that a strange person was walking on the tracks!

Angry barking!



Maxx followed Robert around for awhile, he was working on some project in the gray metal barn. Maxx soon got bored. He didn't like going in the barn, there were machines that made horrible screeching noises.

Maxx wandered back outside too look and listen. A rumbling was somewhere far off, but getting closer. It was a freight train, but they came right past the compound all the time, Maxx didn't bark at freight trains anymore.

where it hung on my belt and draped it over my left arm while my right arm held the lighter in front of the shirt so that the light would not flash into my eyes and diminish my night vision. With bursts from the lighter, this crude strobe-lantern revealed the narrow tunnel down. I flashed the lighter and memorized the sight, then walked in total darkness until I could no longer take it, and I flashed the lighter again. Still singing of course, louder than ever. At this point there was no way I could stop the mantra, "To be easy and free, when you're drinking with me! I'm a man you don't meet everyday! So come fill up your glasses, with brandy and wine! Whatever it costs I will pay!"

Only when I saw a light emerging from the front door did I think about stopping the song, but then I thot: "I better keep singing so they will know I'm not a predator come to eat their chickens and goats! If I stop singing I might get shot!" What sort of sketchy character shows up in the dark of the evening, shirtless, on foot, and screeching out The Pogues? I only stopped singing when my friend's light shone in my face. I made it! I survived a real or imagined danger!

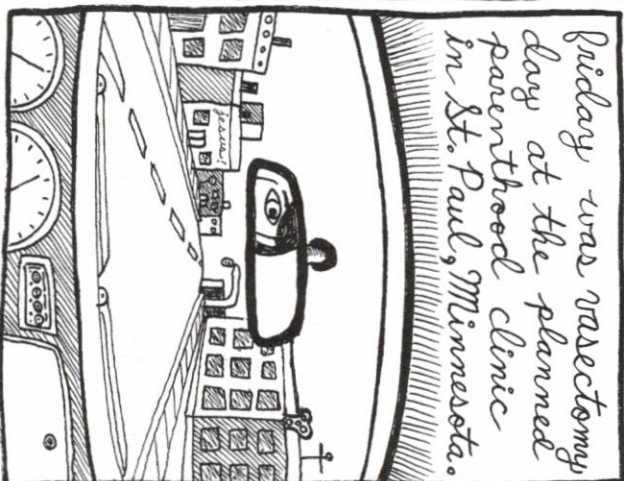
I looked death in the face and I sang it a song of joy.

The next morning we had goat milk cheesecake for breakfast.

It's good to be alive!

Vasectomy Day! ☆☆☆

by Robynious 2010



Friday was vasectomy day at the planned Parenthood clinic in St. Paul, Minnesota.

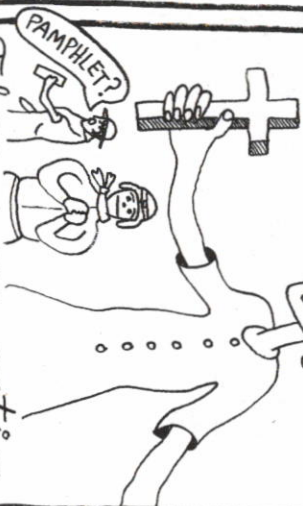
I had been to that very clinic not long ago to fulfil my easy part in the abortion my lover was getting.

OH SHIT!
OH FUCK!
OH GOD?

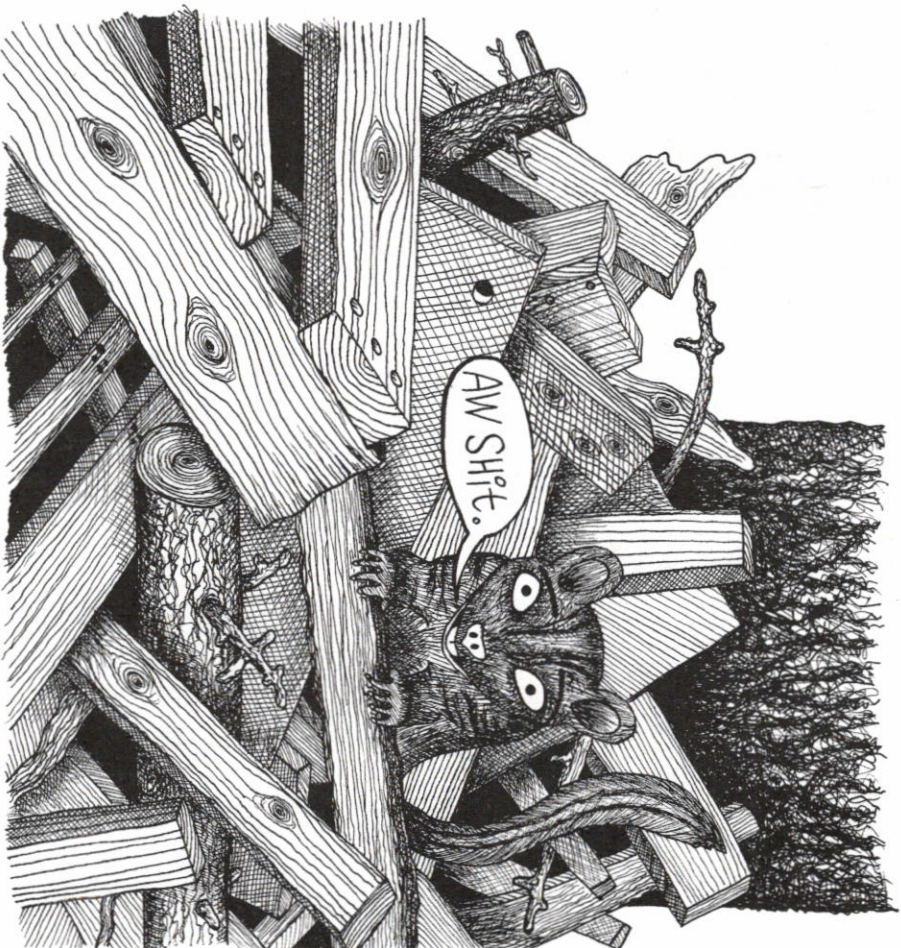
DOO!
DOO!
DEE-DOO!



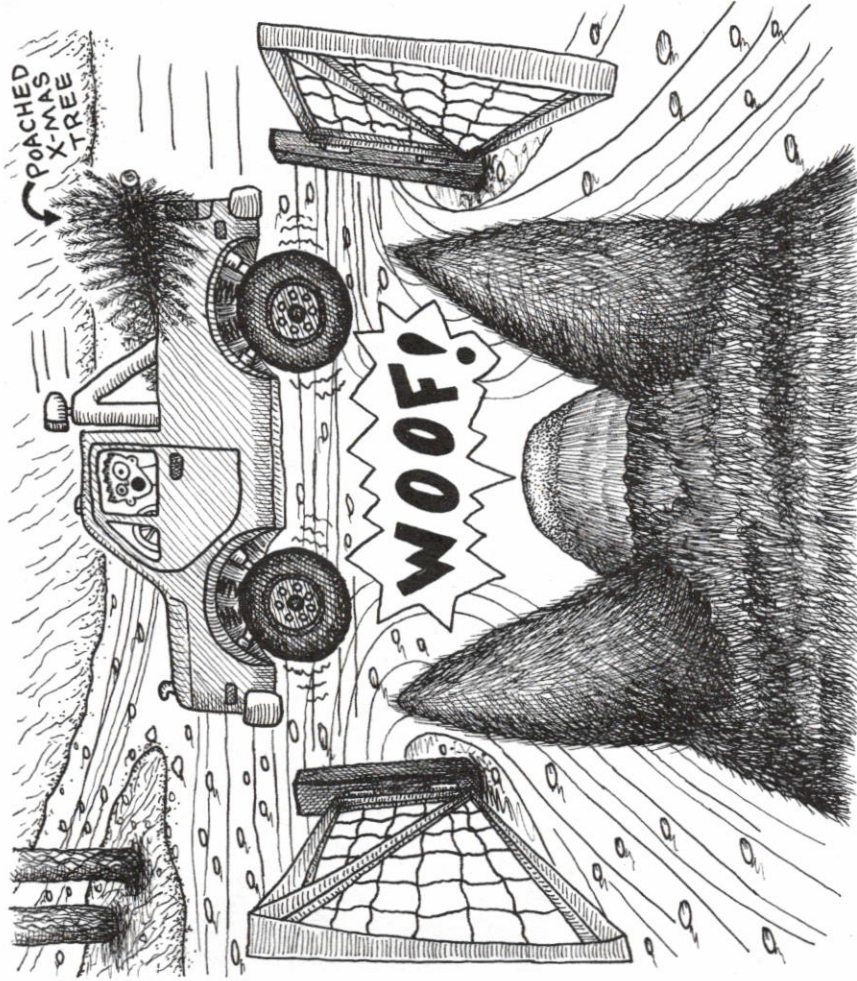
DONT KILL
YOUR BABY!



There were anti-abortion protesters outside - St. Paul has a lot of Religious types.

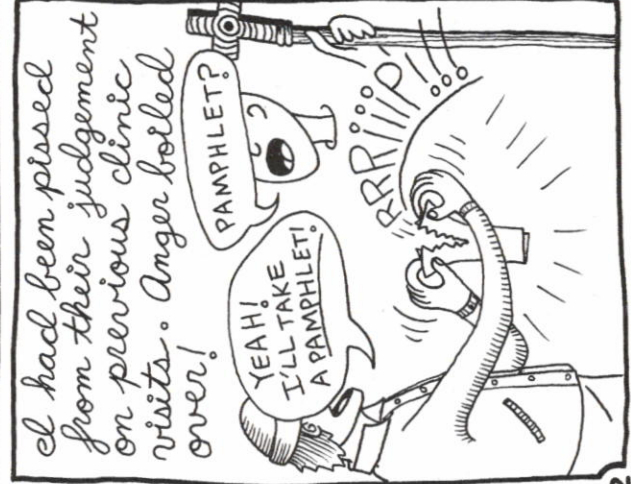
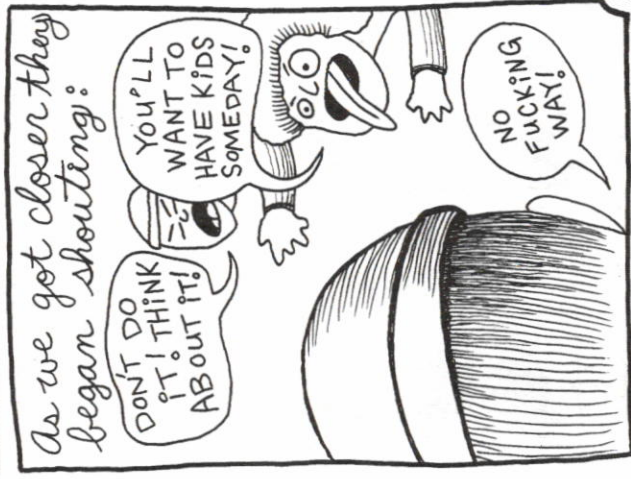


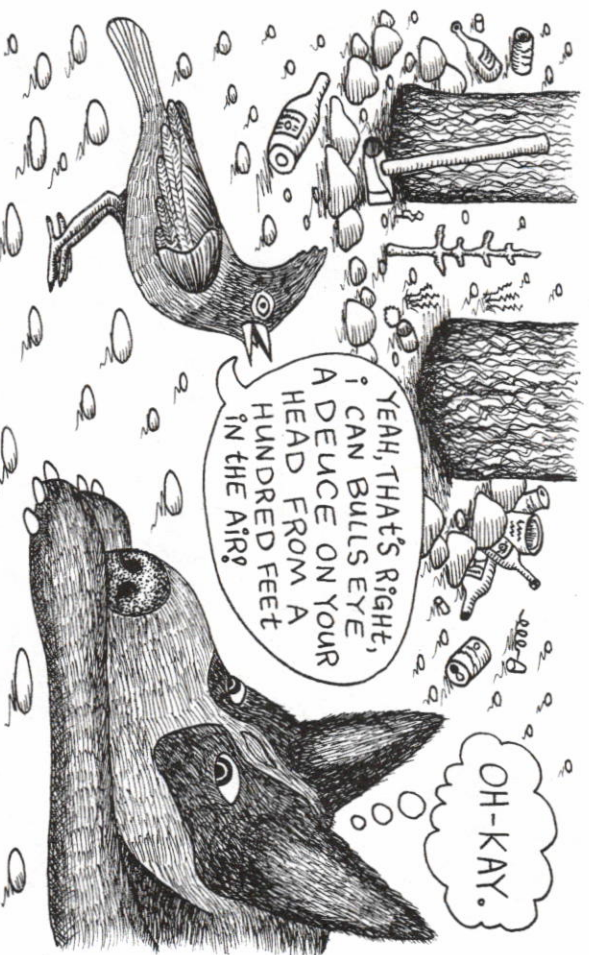
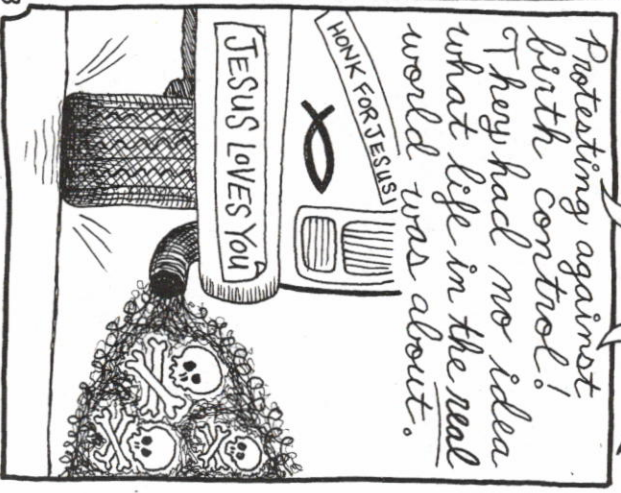
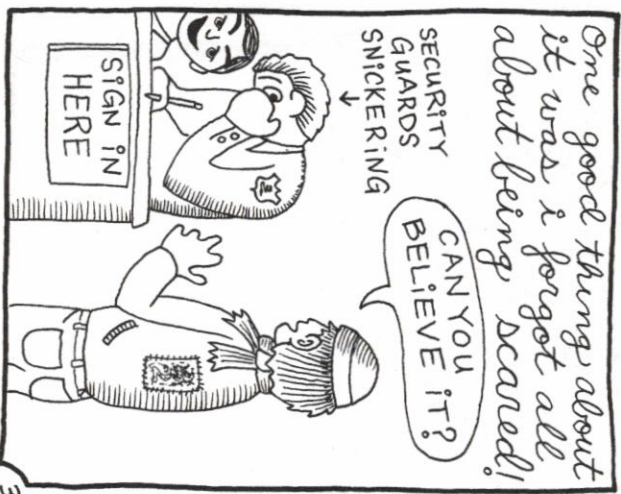
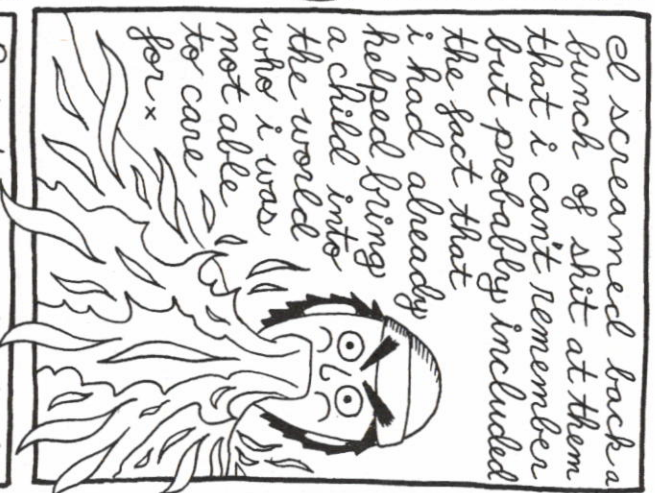
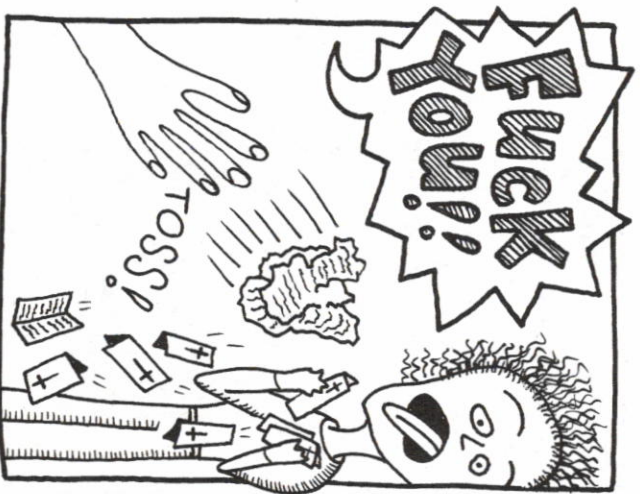
Maxx came back to the outdoor kitchen and sniffed around, finally coming to the big pile of scrap wood for burning, he heard something move and smelled something too! Maxx pawed at the wood, then pounced on it and waited for a response: a chipmunk sprang out from the woodpile and ran to a tree trunk! Maxx chased after it and laughed as it climbed up the tree trunk.
Maxx sniffed the woodpile, hoping there were more chipmunks.



Maxx woke up later, hearing car wheels on a gravel road. Maxx woofed. The truck drove past the driveway and Maxx barked some more. The truck turned and crossed over the railroad tracks. The man in the truck was now outside the city limits. Soon Maxx heard loud gunshots from across the tracks and he barked loudly. Maxx was angry! The gun made a really loud noise in his sensitive ears.

Soon the man got in his truck and roared away in a cloud of dust. Bullets are expensive so you can't shoot into the woods forever.





Maxx was gone a long time, and when he came back, it was from over behind the gray metal barn.

"No luck with the rabbit, eh Maxx?" Robert said, and laughed.

Maxx slumped over to the water bowl and lapped it down.

Sprinting makes you thirsty! Maxx sat down in front of the shack to take a break.

A cry came from the sky, it sounded like a Red Tailed Hawk! Maxx looked up, but didn't see a hawk, just a Stellar Jay up in a Ponderosa Pine looking to steal food from the outdoor kitchen. The Stellar Jay opened it's beak and the cry of a hawk came out. Ah! The Stellar Jay was an actor. The bird swooped down to the ground in front of the shack not far from Maxx and looked for loose dog kibble or other snacks. Maxx just sat and looked at the Stellar Jay as it puffed out it's feathered chest, hopped around, and talked shit. Maxx didn't dare chase it. The bird would fly away before he was done standing up anyway. Birds are fast and Maxx was tired.



Maxx was sitting on the steps to the shack for a better view of the compound when a slight noise caught his ears, he looked towards the garden and saw a big White Tailed Jackrabbit over by the garden fence. Maxx took off running as fast as he could, and so did the rabbit, speeding for the woods by the power-line trail.

Women in many places around the world could only dream of having access to birth control.

Without enough food, water & medical care, many women are extremely interested in having control over the number of babies they have.

Too often patriarchal religions are opposed to birth control.

More babies equals more glory to god!

More babies equals more workers,
More babies equals more soldiers,
More babies equals more babies!

More is always better.

4

Except when more will double the Earth's population in 50 years.



According to calculations by Steven Hawking, by 2600 we will be standing literally shoulder to shoulder. There will be no room for god in this world.

6% CITY LIFE! TRY NEW PEOPLE LUBE FOR WALKING ON SIDEWALKS SLIDE THRU CROWDS FASTER!

OUT THE NEW TODAY IS THE BEST FOR THE BEST 301 EAST WA ESCAPE TO

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LUXURIOUS ONE-ROOM IN HOUSE, 8 x 10, ONLY \$10,000 A MONTH!

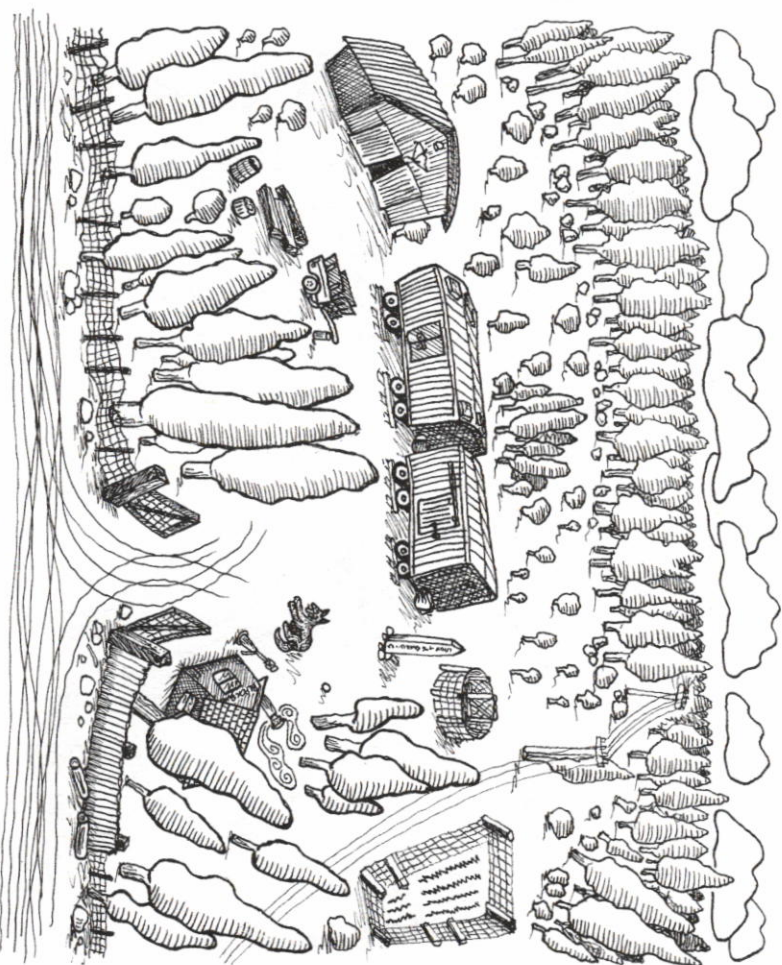
So to answer that guy standing outside the clinic that winter day i say, yea, i have that about it. Every baby born in the U.S.A. will consume 30 times as much as a baby in a non-industrial country. The way we live is consuming the world. I did not want to participate in that.

5

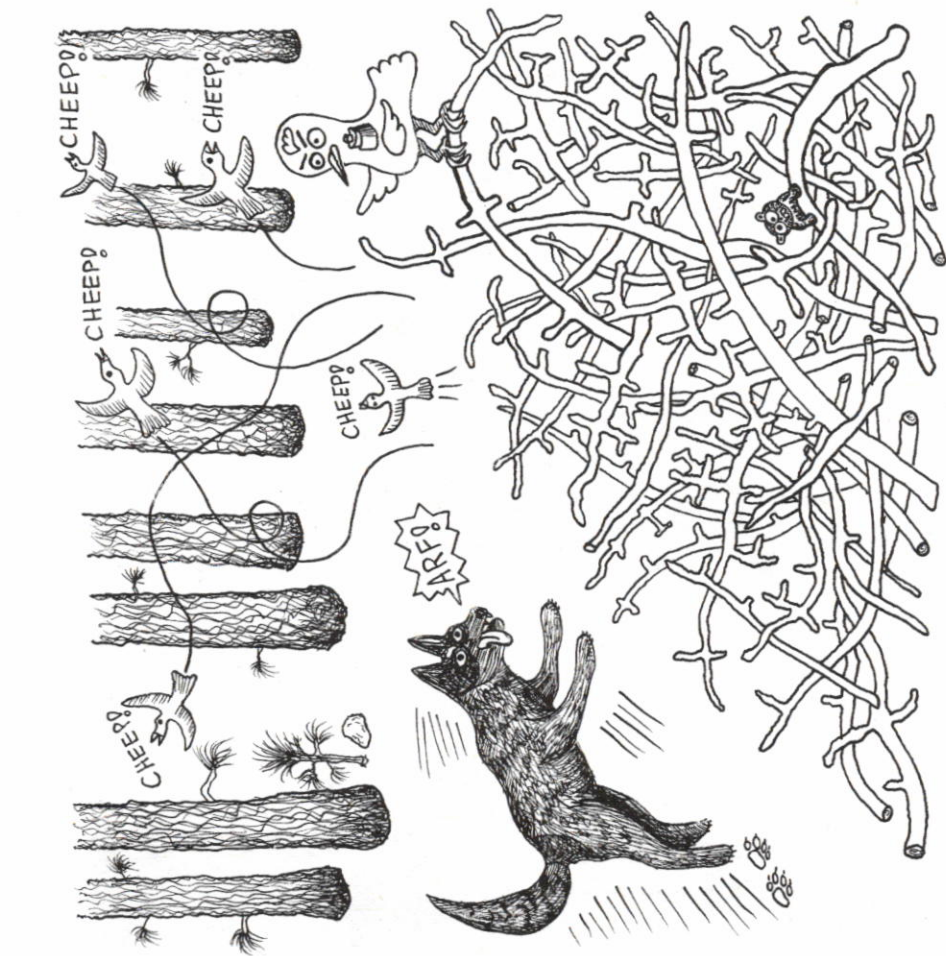
With this strange embattled feeling i entered the surgery room and took my clothes off.



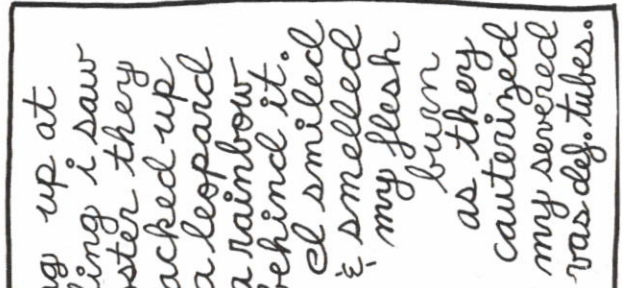
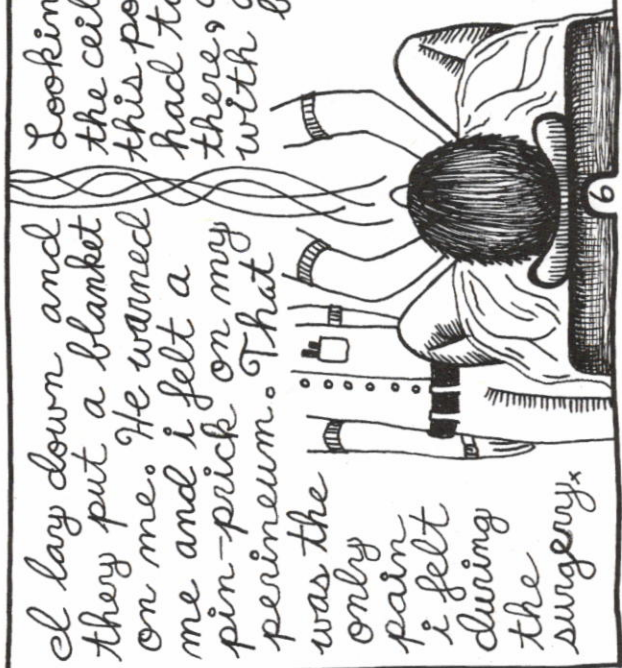
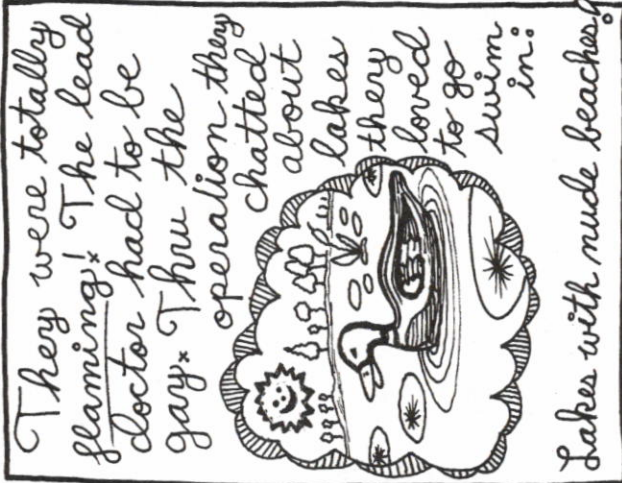
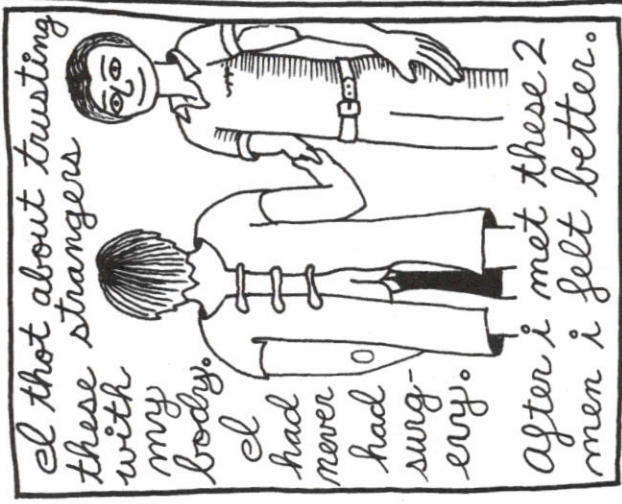
el that about my lover being in this room, having an abortion



Robert went to the front shack to make breakfast and Maxx went with him. Robert always ate breakfast and had tea before feeding Maxx his breakfast kibble that was kept in a big round trash can next to the shack. After Maxx was done with his kibble he looked around the open area of the compound, old wooden railroad cars, cabooses, the big grey metal barn, Buck Brush, Antelope Brush, young Ponderosa Pines and Incense Cedar trees, and lots of other fun little trees and bushes that little moving creatures might be hiding in. Lots of room to run and plenty of stuff to bark at or chase. This place was Dog Paradise!



Maxx sniffed the Ponderosa Pine needles and the trunk of a Scouler Willow tree. Then he heard a sound by the forest edge and ran to it: a dozen tiny songbirds perched atop a huge brush pile. Maxx ran and pranced into the pile of branches and limbs, lunging and barking, the songbirds took flight into the high forest canopy. Maxx smiled as he watched them fly away. He liked birds, they were very interesting.



I emerged from the back to the embrace of my lover. She was disappointed that it had been so easy.



Yes, it was remarkably difficult to refrain from masturbating for the few weeks required. Curiosity!

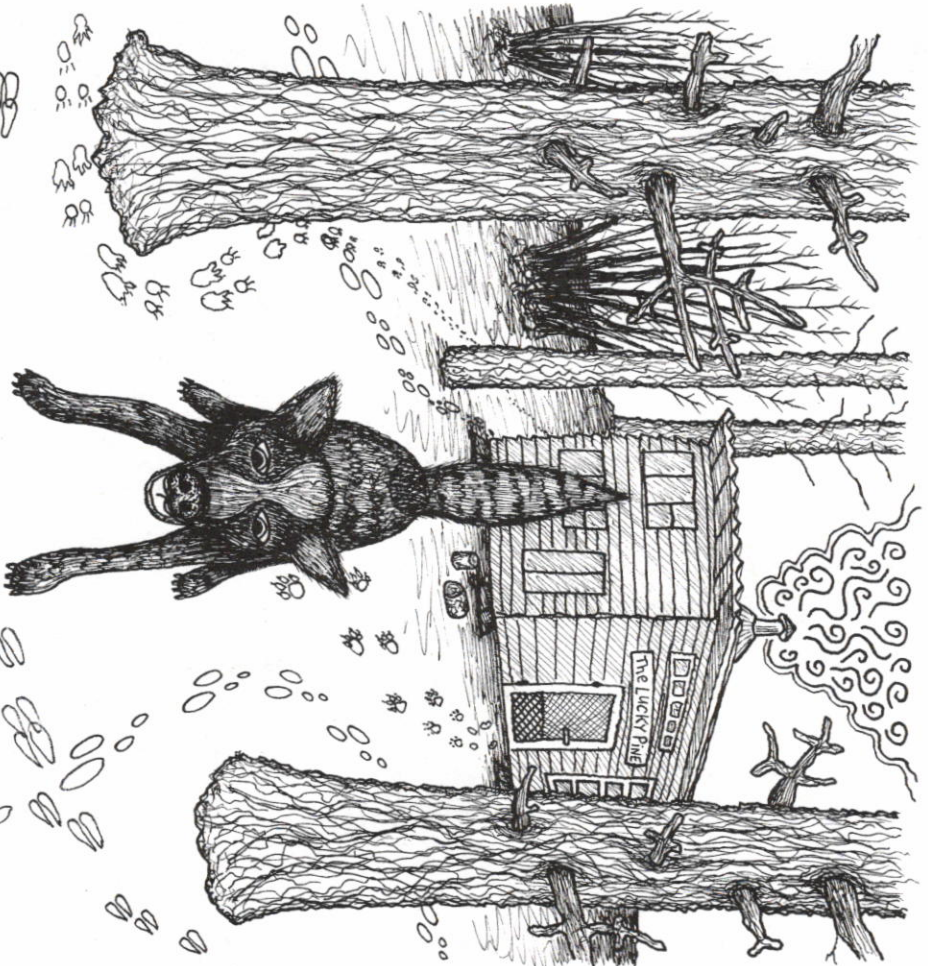


I only made it 10 days before I had to know for sure if the thing still worked.

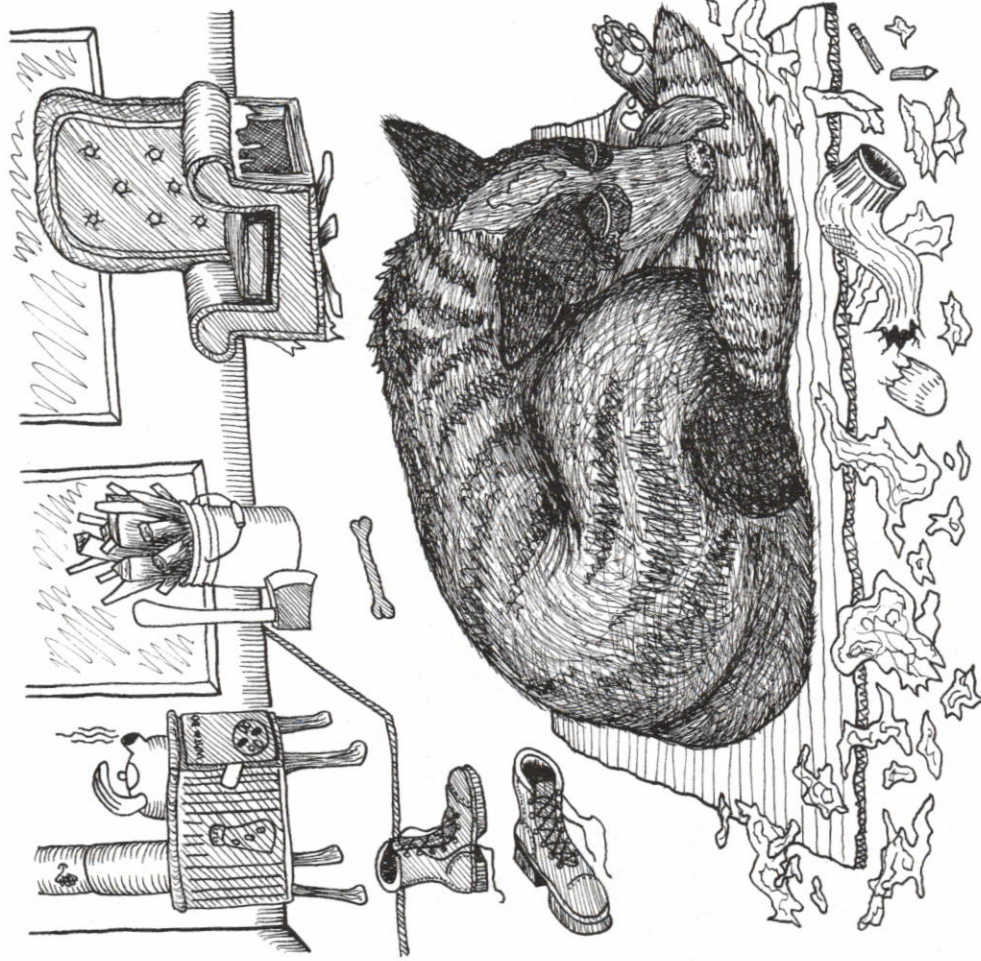
When the anesthesia wore off I began to know the hurting.



Oh yes it did work, but with a terrible burning reminiscent of the first orgasm I gave myself. Again I was left wondering if I had broken something. But no, it was not broken, only bruised.



Eventually Robert got up and opened the door. Maxx ran outside! The morning sun was shining thru the forest and Maxx hoped to chase some little woodland creatures by following their scent and tracks in the snow.



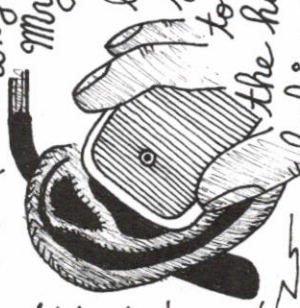
Maxx woke up in a small cabin in the woods. Maxx's human friend, Robert, used the cabin for reading, writing, & napping. Robert always slept late and Maxx had to find things to do, like claw the curtains down, look for snacks, and chew on things.

Maxx was a Blue Heeler dog!

for some time i experienced a bit of discomfort after orgasm. It took awhile to heal. I think of it as a very small price to have paid, for myself, on the planet x

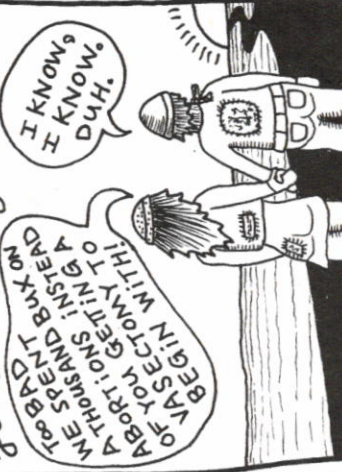
*FIXING!
HELLO?
-ROB? I NEED
YOUR HELP.
-OKAY!
-ON MY WAY!
-ON MY WAY!
-ON MY WAY!

and for my female bodied lovers who did not have to worry about getting pregnant anymore. My hands had been freed to help the haggard babies already on the planet x



I returned to the clinic to give a sample, it showed up empty. I had successfully altered my body to be the way i wanted it x

if you know that you don't want to have children, then go get a vasectomy. Be brave. You can find a way. x



I KNOW
I KNOW
DUH.

TO BEGIN WITH!
A THOUSAND
ABORTIONS
I'VE
SPENT
A
BUX
NO
VASECTOMY
YOU
GETTING
A
BUX
NO

THERE COMES A TIME IN
A PERSON'S LIFE WHEN THEY
FACE AN INSURMOUNTABLE
WALL OF MADNESS.

TO MOVE BEYOND THIS
BARRIER TO HAPPINESS WE
MUST LEAVE & SEEK OUT
SOMETHING THAT WE
DO NOT HAVE.

LIKE IN A "CHOOSE
YOUR OWN ADVENTURE"
STORY, THERE ARE MANY
PATHS THAT LEAD
TO EVEN GREATER
SUFFERING, AND
SOMETIMES
DEATH.

LUCKILY
I HAD A
FRIEND WITH
A GOOD
SUGGESTION:

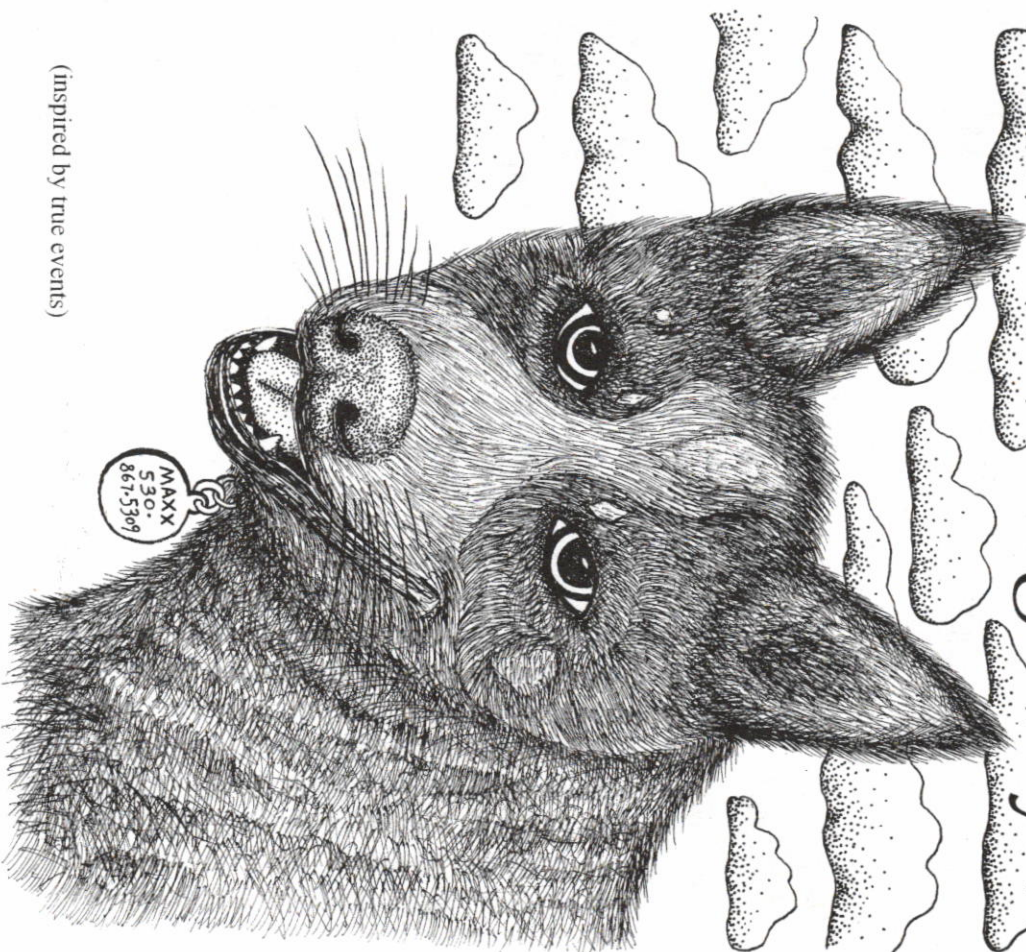
BREATHING
IN,
BREATHING
OUT.

BY
ROBNOXIOUS



(THE JET LANDED SAFELY)

Maxx's Big Day



MAXX
530-
867-5369

(inspired by true events)

NOW THE BIG PICTURE.
IF YOU HAVE THE SPACE TO
COMPOST YOUR SHIT & PISS,
THESE SUBSTANCES CONTAIN
NUTRIENTS FOR THE SOIL.



INSTEAD OF SENDING IT
AWAY IN A PIPE WE COULD
PUT IT BACK IN THE GROUND.

MOST SEWAGE TREATMENT
SYSTEMS USE MILES OF
PIPES & MACHINES & CHEM-
ICALS. TREATING SEWAGE
WATER TO MAKE IT CLEAN
& DRINKABLE AGAIN, ONLY
TO BE SHIT IN, IS A WASTE
OF ENERGY. TAKING WATER
FROM RIVERS IS DAMAGING
TO ECOSYSTEMS THAT WE
ARE DEPENDENT ON.



SHITTING INTO DRINKABLE
WATER IS A RIDICULOUS
"LUXURY" THAT MOST
PEOPLE IN THE WORLD
WOULD NOT DO. MANY PEOPLE
MUST WALK MANY MILES TO
CARRY FRESH
WATER BACK
TO THEIR
VILLAGE.



"WE PRAY BEFORE WE
EAT, BUT WE DO NOT
PRAY BEFORE WE SHIT!"
-FRIEDENSREICH HUNDERTWASSER

WE SHOULD BE
MINDFUL WHEN
WE SHIT.

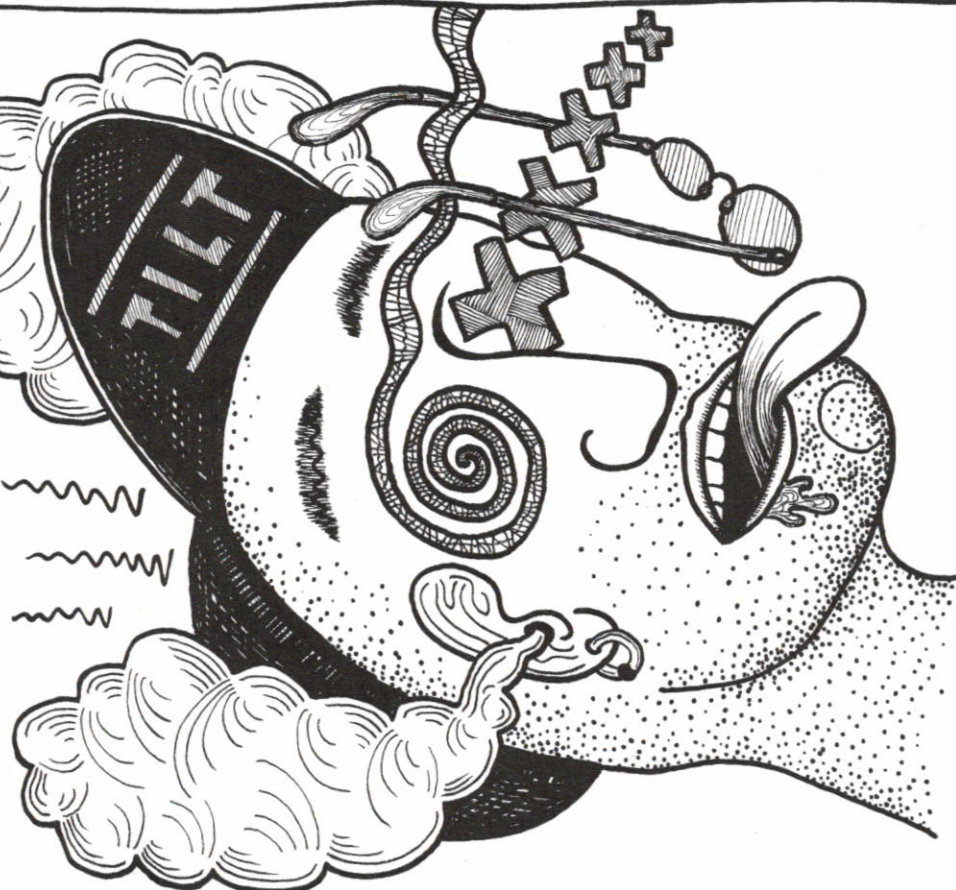
SHIT IS
IMPORTANT.



A SHIT REBELLION IS
SWEEPING THE EARTH.
BE SOLID, STAY LOOSE.

DEUCE BOLDLY. ♥ ROBNOXIOUS

January, 2004.



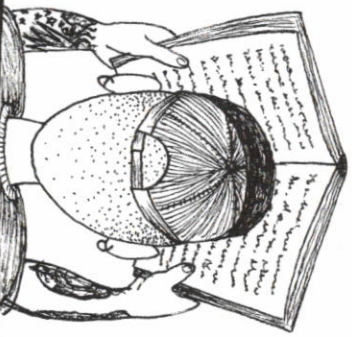
I am well on the way to
a mental breakdown.

I have become obsessed with hating everything. I wake up thinking about the shit. I can't get to sleep because I'm thinking about the shit. I realize that I don't have the tools to break free.

I talk to my lover about these troubles and she gave me a book called "Peace the Every Step."



"What is this hippy shit?" I might have said, "It's not hippy shit, it was written by a gen master." "Oh. Okay."



I DON'T REMEMBER WHERE I GOT THE IDEA FROM, BUT I JUST STARTED SQUATING AS A PRE-TEEN.

THE TOILET SEAT IS COLD, I'M NOT GONNA SIT ON IT. THIS IS WAY BETTER! I FEEL LIKE A BEAST!

UNCONTROLLED PEE STREAM!



AND THEN CAMPING WHILE ON SUMMER-LONG PUNK SHANTY-BOAT JOURNEYS, EVERY ONE WAS SQUAT SHITTING!

WHERE'S THE SHOVEL? DAMN HOT! I GOT A 'THRU! I COMIN'!



WHILE CAMPING, WE BURY OUR SHIT.

20 YEARS LATER AT A GAS STATION IN NORTHERN ITALY:

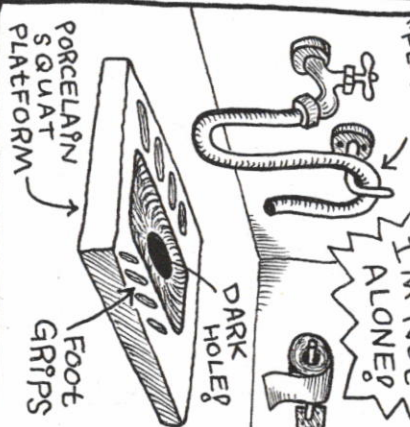
HOSE FOR "FLUSHING"

MY GOD! I'M NOT ALONE!

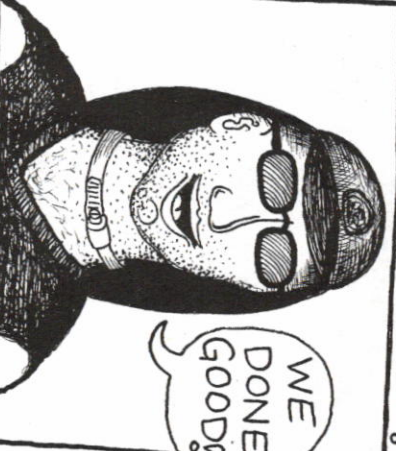
DARK HOLE!

PORCELAIN SQUAT PLATFORM

FOOT GRIPS



MOST RECENTLY? HELPED BUILD A SHIT-CASTLE WITH HOBO LEE!



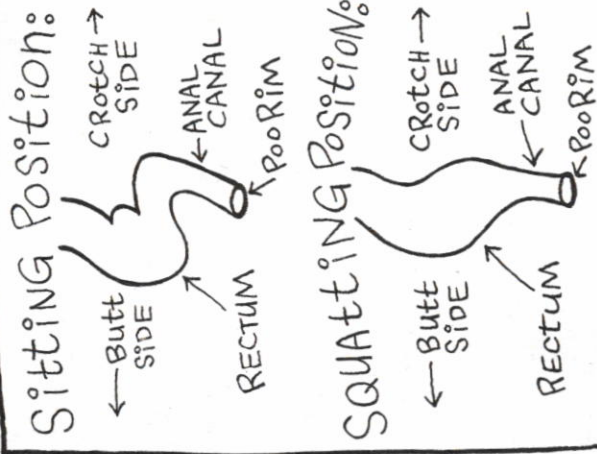
WE DONE GOOD!

WE MADE SURE THAT IT WAS SQUAT-FRIENDLY.

WHAT TO DO WITH
FOOD ONCE IT HAS
BEEN PROCESSED
BY THE BODY

BY NO MORE EVERY DAY WE TURN FOOD

INTO SHIT.
THE WAY WE SHIT & WHERE
WE DROP OUR SHIT WILL
AFFECT OUR HEALTH &
THE ECOSYSTEM WE LIVE IN.



A SHIT to Your HEALTH:

IN OUR CULTURE
MANY PEOPLE
SHIT WHILE
SITTING
ATOP A
THRONE.



THIS METHOD SEEMS
CONTRARY TO MILLIONS
OF YEARS OF EVOLUTION.

ASK A PLUMBER WHICH
POSITION WILL PASS
SEMI-FLUIDS EASIER.
PUSHING HARD TO PASS
SHIT EXACERBATES
HEMORRHOIDS, WHICH
ARE BURSTED BLOOD
VESSELS ON THE ANUS.
MY FRIEND, HOBOLLEE,
CURED HIS HEM'S BY
SWITCHING TO THE
SQUAT METHOD. THIS
CURE TOOK ONLY A
FEW WEEKS!
SITTING ON A THRONE
TO SHIT IS FOR FOOLS!

This simple book contained
awesome practical wisdom.
After reading "Peace & Every
Step" I wished that everyone
in the world could read it.

As I read other books by and about the author, Thich Nhat Hanh, I found his form of "Engaged Buddhism" to be compelling.

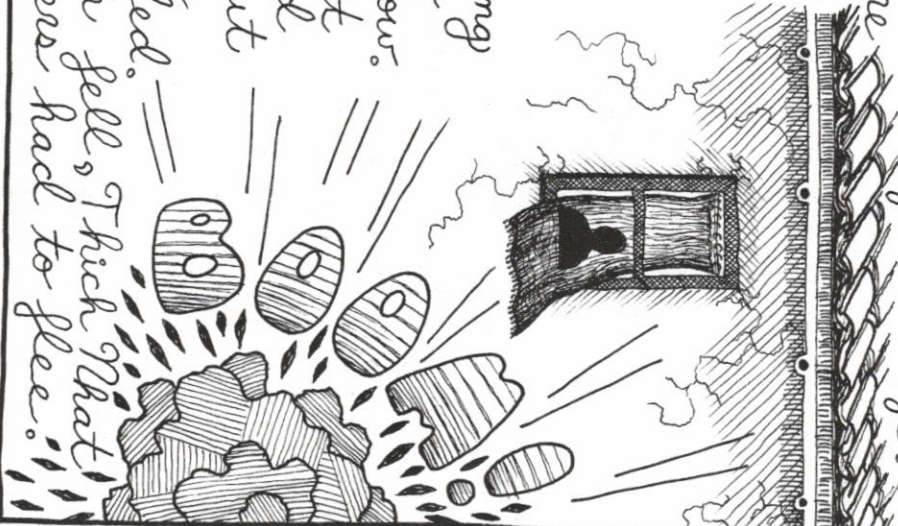


Not content to sit in the monastery being a monk, he and others hit the streets & fields to help those who were suffering during the war in Vietnam.



The monks practicing their form of "engaged buddhism" helped everyone who was suffering, no matter what "side" of the war the person was on. The monks were on the side of humanity's practicing reverence for all life. For this they were despised by the leaders of both sides, north & south.

An assassin tried to kill Thich Nhat Hanh by throwing a grenade into his open window. The grenade hit a curtain and rolled back out into the street where it exploded. When the south fell, Thich Nhat Hanh & many others had to flee.



BIKCYCLING IN THE CITY IS AS CLOSE TO COUNTRY AS YOU CAN GET. FREEDOM! OPEN SKY, NO ROOF, WIDE OPEN SPACES* AND SMOG CLOUDS.*



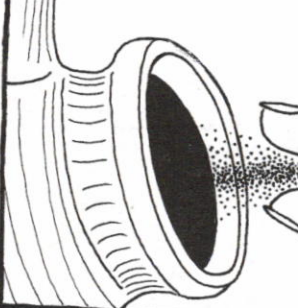
AFTER A GOOD BIKE RIDE MY SINUS ARE CLOGGED.

A PINCH OF SEA SALT AND WARM WATER.

INTO ONE NOSTRIL AND TILT THE HEAD! BREATHE THRU YER MOUTH!



I FLUSH IT ALL OUT WITH THE NET! POT.



TAKE THE POT AWAY & GENTLY BLOW OUT.

THEN THE OTHER NOSTRIL-BREATHE THRU YER MOUTH.

THE DIRTY CITY HAS BEEN EXPELLED AND LAYS IN THE SINK.

I THINK IT HELPS TO KEEP IT CLEAN, I NEVER GET SICK ANYMORE. HA! I WIN.

REMOVE POT AND GENTLY BLOW OUT.

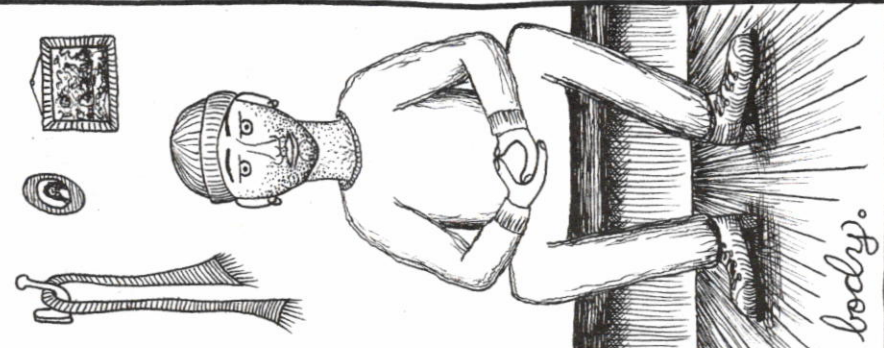
THE SINUS IS FIRST DEFENSE AGAINST BACTERIA & VIRUSES ENTERING YER BODY.

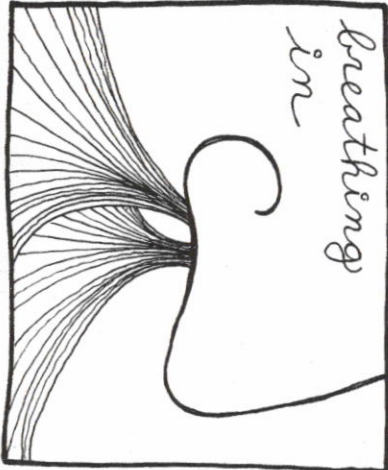


I LOVE THE NET! POT.

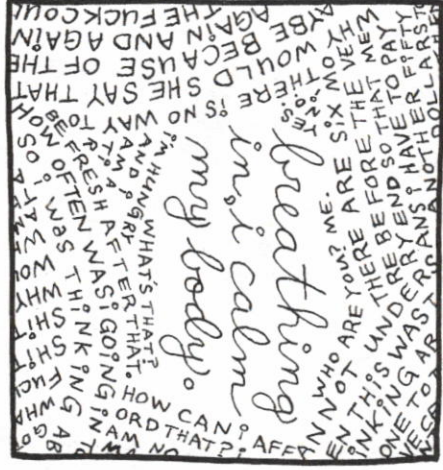
Thick That Hank took his teachings to the world. This is how in the cold of a Minneapolis winter el came to sit down in my humble room (in the stairwell of an old house) and for the first time try zen meditation.

Having escaped the grip of christian science's unhealthy mental tyranny i was wary of participating in an activity that some viewed as a religion. Zen Buddhism seemed different to me, logical, in accord with science, totally practical. el sat down and focused on the air moving in & out of my body.

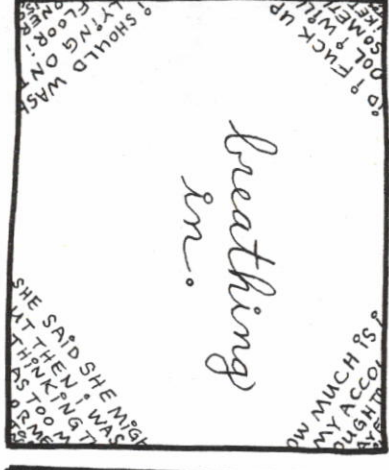




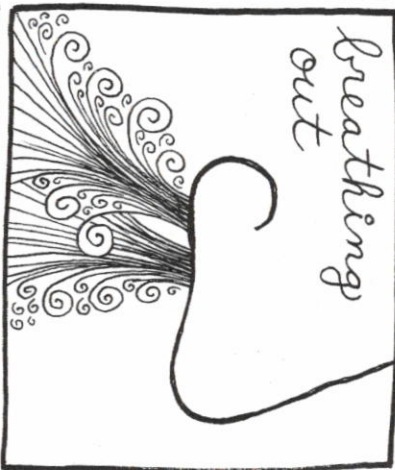
breathing
in



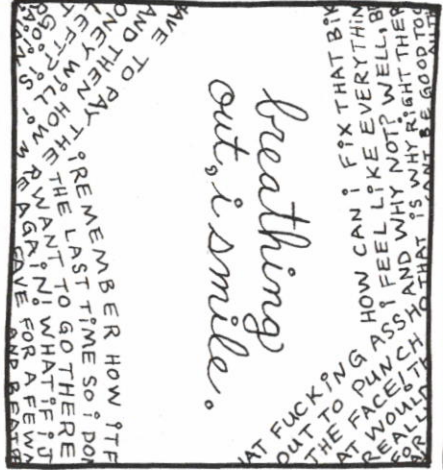
breathing
in, i calm
my body.



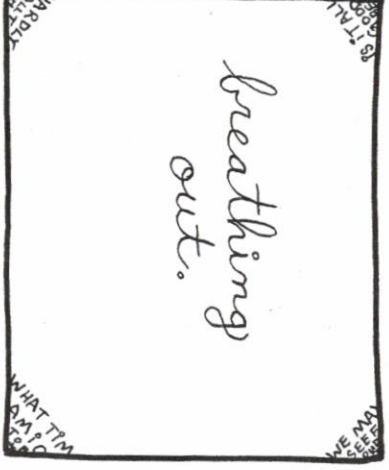
breathing
in.



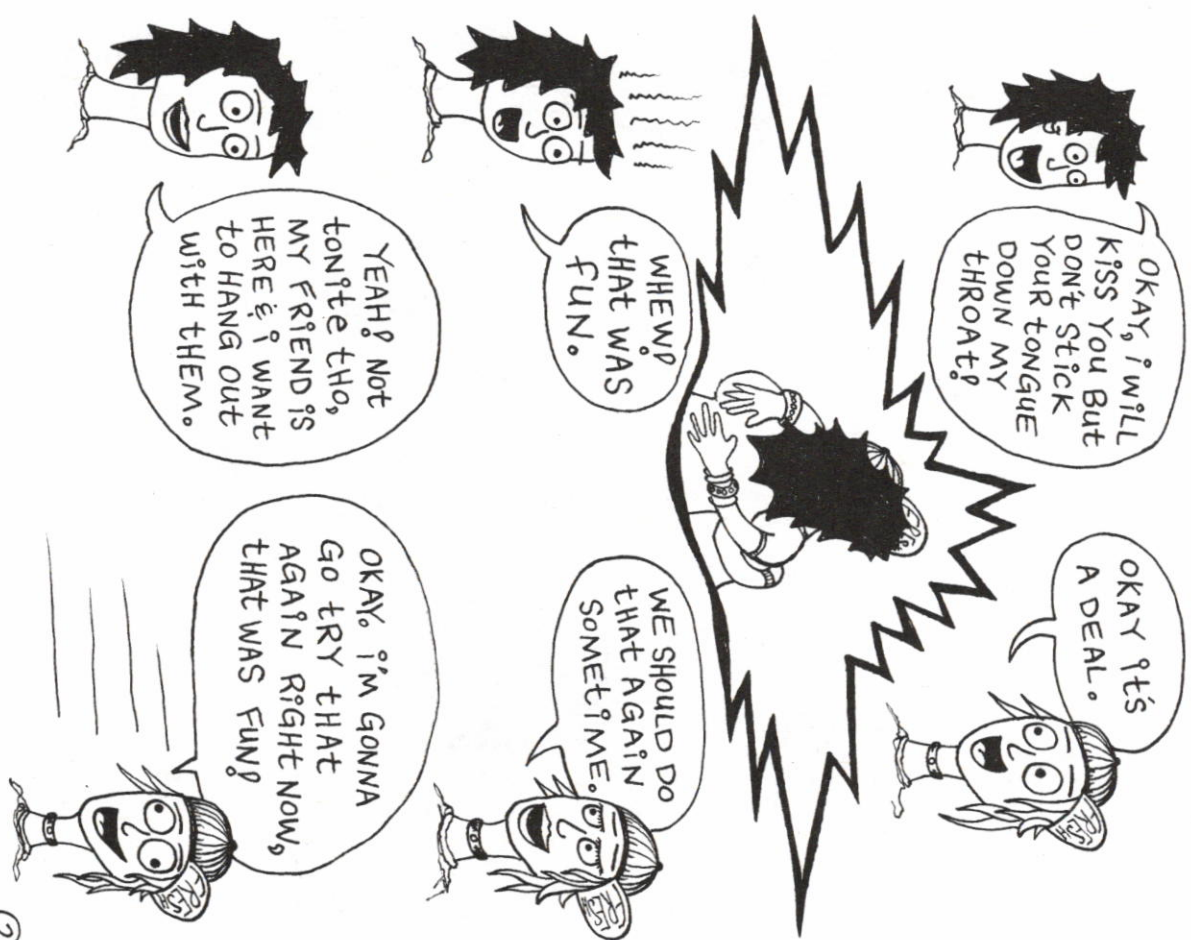
breathing
out



breathing
out, i smile.



breathing
out.



OKAY, I WILL
KISS YOU BUT
DON'T STICK
YOUR TONGUE
DOWN MY
THROAT?

OKAY IT'S
A DEAL.

WHEW!
THAT WAS
FUN.

WE SHOULD DO
THAT AGAIN
SOMETIME.

YEAH? NOT
TONTHE THO,
MY FRIEND'S
HERE & I WANT
TO HANG OUT
WITH THEM.

OKAY. I'M GONNA
GO TRY THAT
AGAIN RIGHT NOW,
THAT WAS FUN?

SUPPRESSING SEXUAL DESIRES
IS NOT HEALTHY FOR YOU OR FOR
THE PEOPLE CLOSE TO YOU



out.

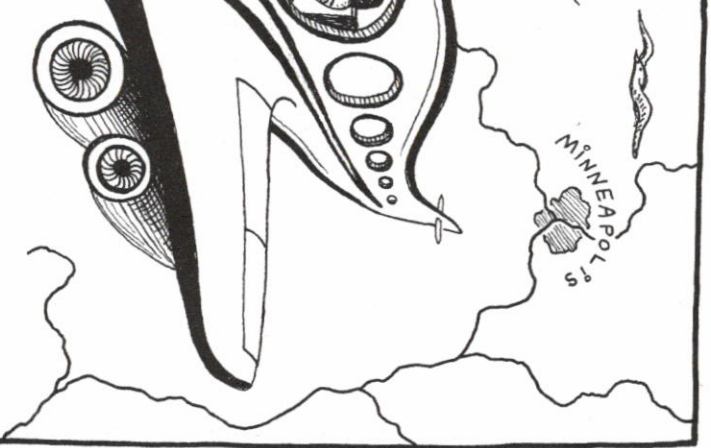
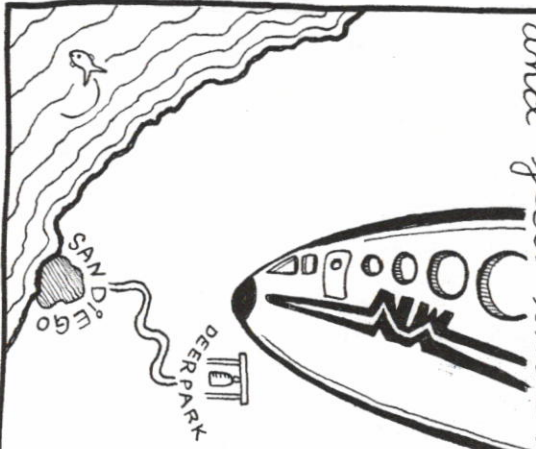
for the first time I
consciously told
my mind to be
quiet and stop
obsessively thinking
about everything.
A deep silence
surrounded me &
a heavy warmth
spread thru me.

all we have to do
is learn how to
operate the
switches in our
minds. Wow!
Why hadn't
someone told me
about this sooner!

when i ceased
the meditation
i felt very calm
and focused.
My eyes had
been opened. We
can be in control
of our happiness.

in.

I thanked my friend who gave me Thich Nhat Hanh's book. She told me he and many the monks from the root monastery in France were coming to visit the monastery in Southern California and would be hosting a retreat there. I found a cheap plane ticket and flew there.



February 5th, 2004.
I teleported from the cold Minnesota winter to hot Southern California, leaving off my long johns, winter coat, and every other layer of clothing that was necessary for survival in the Midwest.

☆ REVERENCE FOR LIFE: AWARE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY THE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE, I AM COMMITTED TO CULTIVATING THE INSIGHT OF INTERBEING AND COMPASSION AND LEARNING WAYS TO PROTECT THE LIVES OF PEOPLE, PLANTS, ANIMALS, & MINERALS.



5 NOURISHMENT & HEALING:

AWARE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY UNMINDFUL CONSUMPTION, I AM COMMITTED TO CULTIVATING GOOD HEALTH, BOTH PHYSICAL & MENTAL FOR MYSELF, MY FAMILY, AND MY SOCIETY BY PRACTICING MINDFUL EATING, DRINKING, & CONSUMING.



4 LOVING SPEECH & DEEP LISTENING:

AWARE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY UNMINDFUL SPEECH & THE INABILITY TO LISTEN TO OTHERS, I AM COMMITTED TO CULTIVATING LOVING SPEECH & COM- PASSIONATE LISTENING IN ORDER TO RELIEVE SUFFERING & TO PROMOTE RECON- CILIATION & PEACE IN MYSELF & AMONG OTHER PEOPLE, ETHNIC & RELIGIOUS GROUPS, & NATIONS.

☆ TRUE HAPPINESS:

AWARE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY EXPLOITATION, SOCIAL INJUSTICE, STEALING, & OPPRESSION, I AM COMMITTED TO PRACTICING GENEROSITY IN MY THINKING, SPEAKING, AND ACTING.

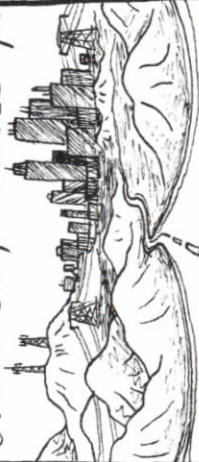
3 TRUE LOVE:

AWARE OF THE SUFFERING CAUSED BY SEXUAL MIS- CONDUCT, I AM COMMITTED TO CULTIVATING RESPONSIBILITY & LEARNING WAYS TO PROTECT THE SAFETY & INTEGRITY OF INDIVIDUALS, COUPLES, FAMILIES, & SOCIETY.

Someone who once caused terrible suffering for others can be completely changed in their behavior if they embrace and care for their feelings & practice being mindful of their actions.

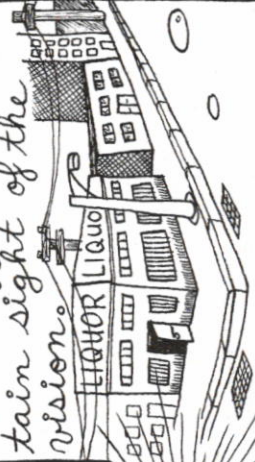
I have wandered since then. I still practice in a quiet way. When I feel the monkey mind starting to control me I breathe in & out three times.

Too soon my week in Deer Park was over. I packed up.



The mad world now loomed & I was afraid.

I struggle to maintain sight of the vision.



Sometimes I get lost.

Sometimes I think about becoming a hermit, but I know I will still be connected to everyone.

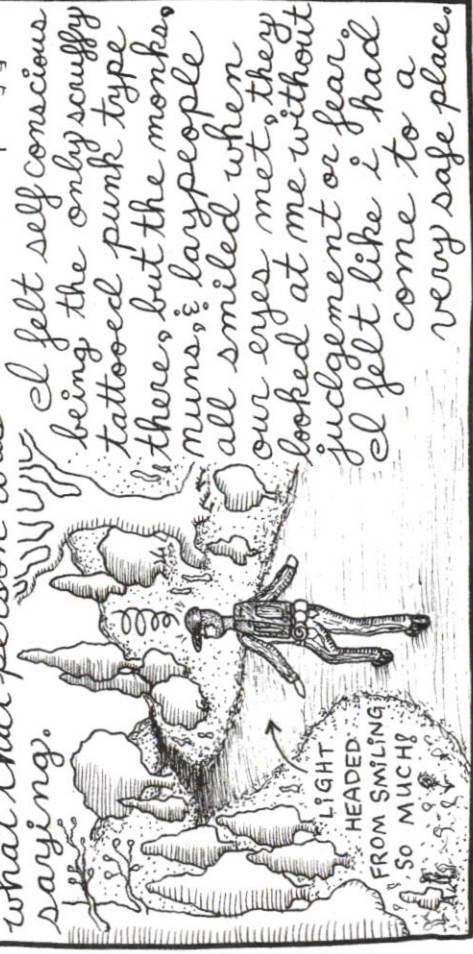
I decide to stay. If I can ease my own sufferings I can help others do the same. We can be happy. ♥

I live in a culture that does not encourage mindfulness.



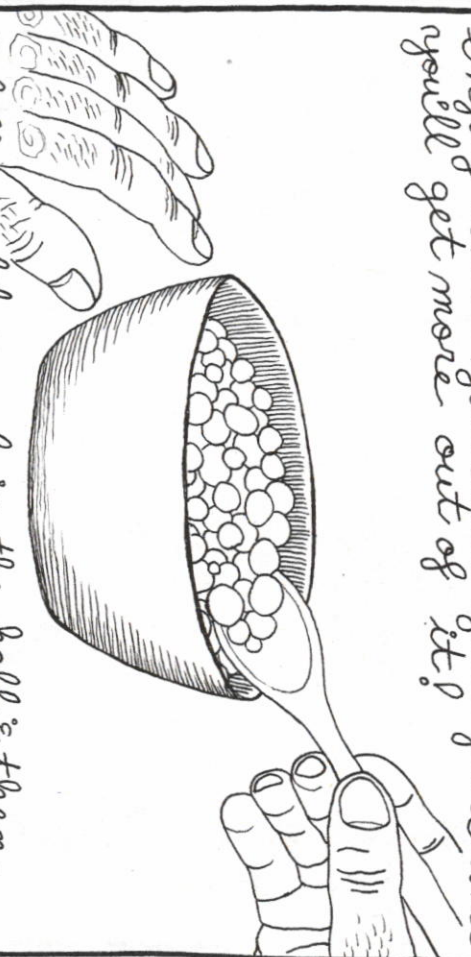
My culture encourages mindless hate, greed, & consumption.

Stepping off the shuttle with my back pack I was welcomed by strangers with smiles and hands pressed together. When I spoke they stopped and listened intently & told me this was a practice at the retreat: being fully aware of what we were saying to each other. This practice was mind blowing to me. Stopping to look face to face while speaking, really paying attention to what that person was saying.



I felt self conscious being the only scruffy tattooed punk type there, but the monks, nuns, & lay people all smiled when our eyes met. They looked at me without judgement or fear. I felt like I had come to a very safe place.

el registered and set up my tent in the camping area, then went to dinner in the group dining hall. Everyone ate in silence to pay full attention to the food. Mindful Consumption. To consider the food going into your body's just like focusing on breathing during sitting meditation. Focusing like this we were encouraged to chew our food more to get more nutrients out of it. This is an idea promoted by "Rich What" Hank and also in the book "You Can't Win" by Jack Black - both "dinner & saint" recommend! Slow down! Relax and enjoy while you chew your food and you'll get more out of it!



A bell would sound in the hall & then everyone stopped to breathe 3 times, a reminder to keep our throats in the present moment.

el saw the truth. We were not individual people of Vietnamese or European origin, we were all part of a whole living entity, each of us a very small part of an interconnected whole. Our differences were visible & real, but our differences did not separate us. el saw a powerful love.

Later, i that about an epiphany i had as a young teenager in Alaska when i realized that people were not trying to be evil & cause suffering, they were only acting out from the way they had been programmed to be born.

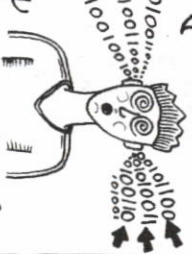


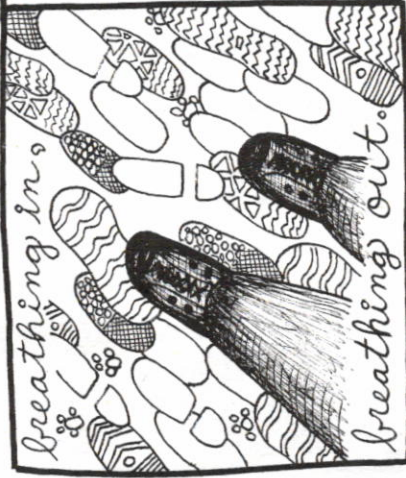
el you can be deprogrammed



you can be reprogrammed.

The cells in our body are continually being replaced, every 7 years we have a changed body. In the same way we can actively change our minds.

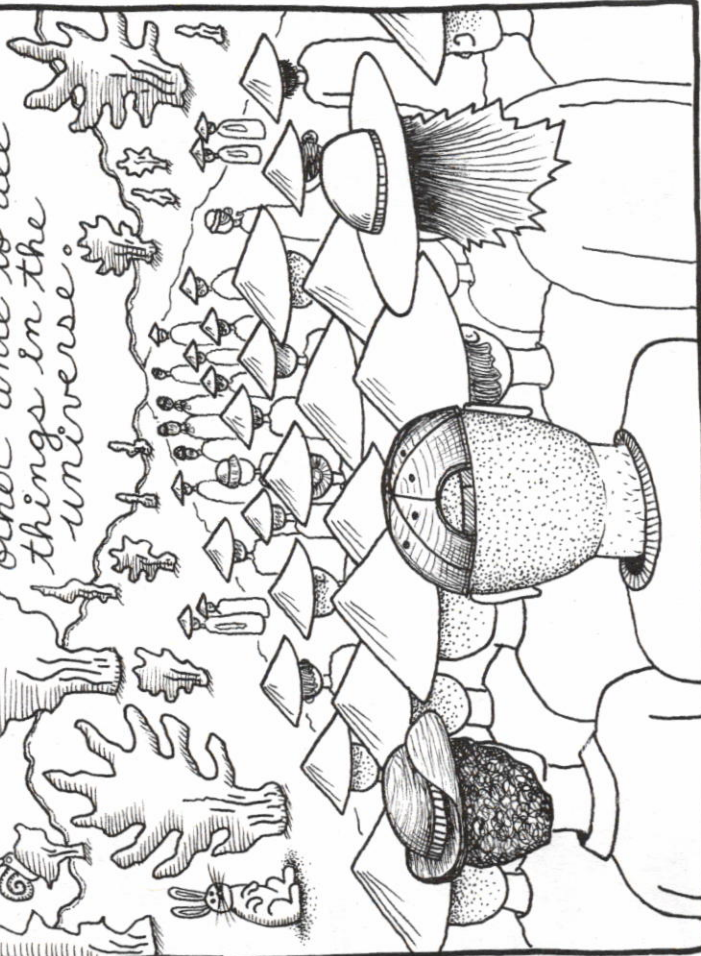




I felt a sudden flash, looking out on the many conical straw-hats, brown robes, and the western style clothing others wore; I felt a warm surge flow thru me and I saw that we were surrounded

by infinite light that connected us to each other and to all things in the universe.

HOW DO YOU DRAW THAT?

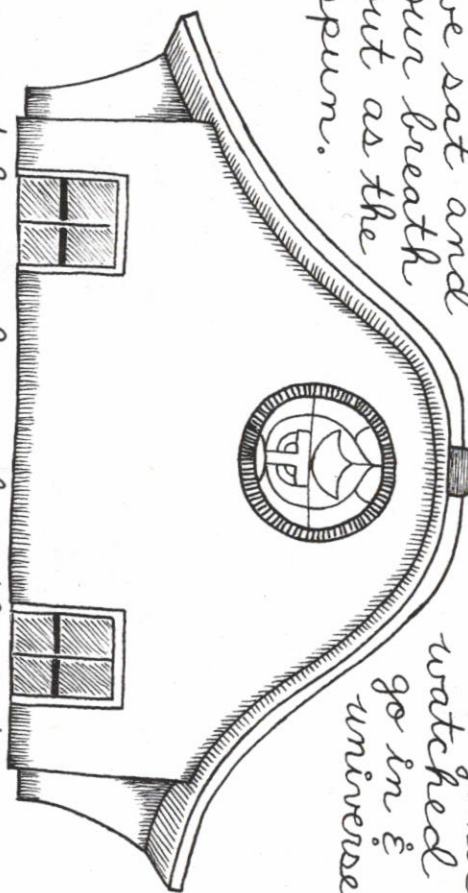


After dinner we practiced Noble Silence which meant not speaking until after breakfast the next day. Some new arrivals couldn't handle Noble Silence & sat chatting up in the tea room. Outside a man babbled on his cell phone. After a day spent in mindfulness, his chatter sounded foolish & strange! His "monkey mind" was in control.

Monkey Mind tries to think about everything all at once, running around in obsessive circles, creating anxiety & confusion. We can silence it by focusing on our breath as it moves in & out of our body. That evening I attended meditation at the Ocean of Peace Meditation Hall.

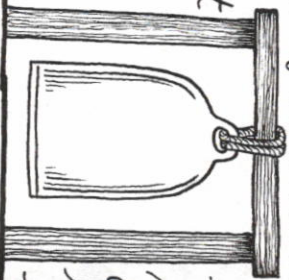


The hall was filled with monks & nuns waiting from Plum Village, Thich Nhat Hanh's root monastery in France, and monks & nuns from Deer Park, and towards the back lay people & participants in the retreat. Together we sat and our breath went out as the drum.



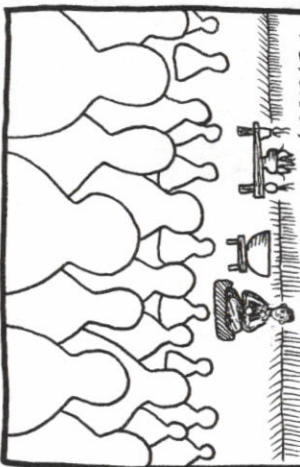
We sat for an hour, breathing together.

I slept in my tent and had vivid dreams. In the morning I awoke to the sound of the bell being invited to ring. I got early. I got to morning three times to meditate hall with



was very up & went meditation a day I went in the main everyone.

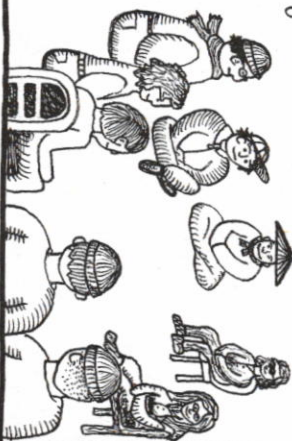
At other times I listened to Thich Nhat Hanh teach.



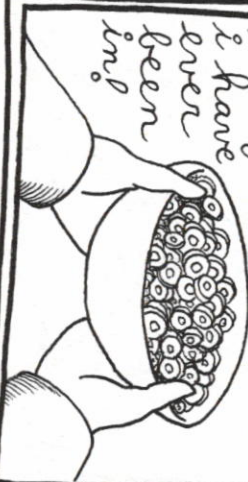
After a few days I realized that I didn't feel cravings for alcohol or tobacco, I could see that addiction and it had no power.



There were also small teachings in circles of a dozen people.



I volunteered to help out in the kitchen, the most peaceful kitchen I have ever been in!



One day Thich Nhat Hanh led a meditation walk, followed by monks, nuns, and all of us. We stopped mindfully along dirt trails lined with sage brush, breathing in time with our footsteps.

